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[A SISTERLY RECEPTION.]

## SHE SHINES ME DOWN.

(BY ANNIE THOMAS.)

### CHAPTER VII.

Nor do I question what thou art,  
Nor what thy lights; in great and small  
Thou art, I know, what all my heart  
Must beat or break for. That is all.

An hour or two passes away very pleasantly for Arch Saltoun in Gladys' bewitching presence, and under the benignant influence of her restored good humour Gladys Cardigan, being one of those lucky women who are blessed with voices full of tender inflections, and with a rich store of language from whence to draw the words she deems the aptest for the subjugation of the man who is to be subjugated at the moment, has talked Arch into utter forgetfulness of his sister.

In vain that sister sits seething with righteous impatience in an uninteresting room full of stereotyped furniture, within earshot of Mrs. Cardigan's rippling laughter and Arch's earnest tones.

She has no appeal against this slight which is being put upon her intentionally, she is sure, by the happy pair.

"I might as well have stayed in Plymouth," she tells herself angrily, "fool that I was to let my affection for Arch bring me here on such a fruitless errand; but they're not married yet. Thank Heaven they're not married yet, and He

will be good enough to show me the way to stop them from marrying at all."

This pious proclamation of her absolute faith in the Almighty Being adopting her view of the case and her side of the battle, soothes and calms her to such a degree that when Arch does eventually remember her, and comes to escort her down to the table d'hôte, she is able to meet him with an air of amiable unconstraint.

"Gladys sends her apologies for not having been able to receive you yet," he begins, "but she has had what might have been a very shocking accident, and her nerves are shaken, poor girl."

And then he goes on to tell of Steel Grey's stumble and the consequences thereof. Mrs. Dumorest listens to the recital with the most perfectly polite composure, and does not say that "a miss is as good as a mile," or that she considers both the cause and effect of Mrs. Cardigan's inability to receive her ridiculously exaggerated.

But though she does not say it she feels it, and Arch sees that she feels it, and would almost rather that she would speak out what she feels.

"Will Mrs. Cardigan be well enough to dine with us?" she inquires, frigidly, as they are going down to the dining salon.

"No. She will dine in her own room, and see you afterwards, you know, Flo—be delighted to see you afterwards, in fact," warming up well after the manner of good-hearted men to his own words.

"It will really be too good of her," Mrs. Dumorest replies, in a vein of bitterest sarcasm, but the sarcasm is lost upon honest, straightforward Arch, who has all his life fallen into the

trap of believing that people mean what they say.

"She'll be quite glad to see you; see you like a bird," he answers, enthusiastically, and Florence knows well that when he speaks in that insane way it is useless for her to interpose a vindictively prepared shield between her brother and destruction—otherwise Gladys.

"I take it for granted that you are not dreaming of marrying yet awhile," she says, when the business of dinner has proceeded for some time in grim and ghastly silence.

"Not 'dreaming' about it, certainly," he replies, cheerily. "I'm most practically in earnest, Flo, and mean to marry as soon as Gladys can make up her mind to fix the day."

Mrs. Dumorest's lips tighten, and her head quivers, but her brother sees none of these dark signs.

He is occupied in meditating on that bewitching variability of Gladys, which has the charming effect of keeping him continually on the qui vive!

Straws show the direction of the stream. In the innermost recesses of his heart he is beginning to hope that she will cease from such a continuous display of emotional fire-works in the privacy of that domestic future which he is contemplating.

"She will go over so much more quietly in double harness than in single," he tells himself, reassuringly, quite forgetting that Gladys Cardigan has been tried in "double harness" already, and has no warrant to show for safety and steadiness.

There is something in his sister's presence and influence which compels him to think of a few possibilities which he has never contem-

planted before; unless Gladys alters a little she will make it unpleasant for herself in the county society in which his wife ought to reign.

The generous fellow never for a moment reminds himself that she may make it unpleasant for him!

"And about the family?" Florence Dumorest says, presently, in that unpremeditated way which betrays to the initiated that the speech is a carefully prepared surprise.

"Yes; what family?"

"Her family, to be sure; are they ready to accept you as eagerly as you expect me to accept her?"

"She's a widow, you see, and perfectly independent of her people," he says, slowly, wishing heartily all the while that he had prepared some sort of statement as to Gladys Cardigan's belongings for the inspection of this very exacting sister of his.

"And her family is—nice, I hope?"

"They're sure to be that, but I know nothing about them yet," he laughs out, happily; "the fact is I have fallen in love with her, not with any idea about her family; and Flo, this is a real case and you must stand by me, darling, as you have always done, and aid me in making my Gladys feel contented and happy among us."

"Contented and happy! She may well be that, I think," Mrs. Dumorest says, with the socially virtuous tremolo stop, put on. "It is not an obscure name, and it is not an undignified position that you are offering her, Arch. She will bring something adequate as her share, I am sure."

"She will bring herself," Arch says, rising up and looking taller than his sister has ever seen him look before, in his pride in his bride elect. Then he proposes that they "go up and see if Mrs. Cardigan can receive them," and humiliating as is the wording of the proposition to Mrs. Dumorest, she has no alternative but to accede to it.

But she goes with the fixed resolve in her mind to find fault with everything Mrs. Cardigan does, and says, and suggests.

"Arch may deride and neglect my warnings, but I'll do my duty as his sister, and give them to him freely beforehand. When once he is married I'll hold my peace, and never tell him 'I told you so,' but I will not throw dust in his eyes out of mistaken kindness, and lead him to suppose that I think her fit to be his wife, and the mistress of Friar's Court, when I do nothing of the kind."

It is incomprehensible, and disappointing to the last degree, but it is a fact, Gladys Cardigan does nothing, says nothing, and suggests nothing that can by any possible means be twisted to her disadvantage by the most carping of female critics.

She is very quiet, very gentle and subdued, but not at all disposed to make any call upon anybody's consideration in consequence of her accident.

Arch Saltoun, accustomed as he is beginning to be to her changefulness, and the innumerable lights and shades of her manner, is startled by the almost deferential sweetness of her mode of welcoming Mrs. Dumorest.

"This kindness on your part, coming to me as a sister, at once touches me very deeply," she says in her most thrilling tones, as she holds both her hands out to her visitor, "and Mrs. Dumorest can do nothing but take them in apparent friendship, though she feels intuitively that the whole demonstration on Gladys' part is a sham, and that the latter's words are a falsehood."

"I have always been accustomed to put myself to temporary inconvenience for the sake of giving my brother any temporary satisfaction," Mrs. Dumorest replies, with the minimum of graciousness and the maximum of severity that may with safety be blended together in the speech of one gentlewoman to another, and then as Gladys merely continues to smile with sweetest serenity, Florence adds: "Moreover, I think the families on either side are socially and morally bound to come forward openly as soon as an engagement is announced."

"Yes, do you think so?" Gladys says, politely.

"Certainly I do; surely you agree with me?" Mrs. Dumorest replies, striving hard to see what lies under that mask of easy, unembarrassed, polite indifference.

"I dare say I agree with you. I generally agree with most people when they put their views strongly and clearly before me; in proof of this let me assure you that already I am quite anxious to see your children! Arch has told me you have two."

"They have always been great pets of their uncle's," the proud mother says, looking keenly at the brother, from whom she has for her children expected great things.

"They're the jolliest little kids I ever saw," Arch puts in heartily; "you should see little Arch taking his pony over anything; he never shows any daylight between himself and his saddle; you'd swear he'd been born in it."

"The Saltouns have always been famous horsemen," Mrs. Dumorest remarks.

"Does he bear your family name?" Gladys asks, suavely, and Mrs. Dumorest reddens a little as she answers:

"Of course not. His father's name is quite good enough, even for the son of a Saltoun born to bear. But I suppose we are all a little apt to recall our unmarried names when they have been very proud ones."

"I think I'll go and have a look at Steel Grey," Arch says.

He rather dislikes the turn the conversation has taken, and being powerless to interpose, naturally desires to avoid hearing it.

Accordingly, with some further allusion to Steel Grey's strained pastern, he gets himself out of the room, and Mrs. Dumorest nerves herself to the task of prompt investigation.

"My brother tells me that he hopes the marriage will take place very soon," she begins.

"So he tells me," Gladys says, calmly.

"And your wishes coincide with his, I suppose?"

"About the marriage in particular, or about everything in general, do you mean?" Gladys asks.

"About the marriage specially," Mrs. Dumorest says sharply, feeling baffled.

"About the marriage specially, I think I agree with him that where there is nothing to delay it it need not be delayed."

"Possibly the early date he wishes for may be inconvenient to your family?"

"I shall not consult them."

"Indeed! I regret to hear you say this. I trust there is no estrangement between you?"

"If an estrangement means that I never see them and never want to see them, there is one. But there is no quarrel between me and mine."

"Ah! then any little difference can be soon adjusted," Mrs. Dumorest goes on, feeling angry with herself all the while for thus giving a sort of tacit consent to a marriage from which she feels sure no happiness will accrue.

"I wouldn't have it adjusted on any account, thank you," Gladys laughs. "I don't hold the tie of blood a very strong one. As soon as my relations became distasteful to me I avoided them, just as I would avoid anyone or anything else that is distasteful."

"Just as she will avoid all Arch's best friends when once she has dominion over him," Mrs. Dumorest thinks, in her fierce, fruitless, natural, womanly and sisterly anxiety, and somehow or other Gladys fathoms the thought, and responds to it:

"Tell me a little about the people among whom I am to be planted in Somersetshire. I have made Arch describe my future home to me, and already I've decided what I'll alter about the house and grounds. But he has never told me anything about the human furniture of the neighbourhood."

Mrs. Cardigan pauses, and Mrs. Dumorest is speechless with wrath for a few moments.

"The human furniture of the neighbourhood?"

What a way for this unknown, unauthenti-

cated "creature" to speak about the magnificent stocks that have been firmly and honourably rooted in Somersetshire for generations.

"If you have any experience of county society, you will be satisfied when I tell you that it is the very best of its kind about Friars Court," she says, stiffly, "and naturally in that society the Saltouns have a very prominent place, and there is a very strong light shed upon them."

"In fact you are giving me a preliminary caution to look to my shining," Gladys says, with a dozen devils dancing in her eyes. "You would like to prepare me to go down there and live by rule and line, and run in exactly the same grooves as the gentler sexed Saltouns have been running in for generations; isn't that your idea?"

"I shall never presume to interfere with you in any way," Mrs. Dumorest says, with an uncontrollable shudder of aversion.

"When you say that I feel that you are wise and good as you are fair," Gladys laughs. "Interfering people, and people who are full of friendly zeal, are always unpleasant to me."

"For my brother's sake I shall always strive to avoid being that," Mrs. Dumorest is saying when Arch comes back into the room, with the intelligence that a certain popular and accomplished actress, Miss Geraldine Gascoigne, has just arrived at the hotel, in the course of her starring tour, and that she will play for a few nights at the Torquay Theatre.

"What a pity it is," Mrs. Dumorest says, at once, "that with all her wonderful talent, Miss Gascoigne has been so injudicious as to trifle away her good name."

"Many a worse woman keeps hers, and that without having any 'wonderful talent,'" Gladys says.

"That's what I say is the pity of it," Mrs. Dumorest rejoins. "I am not speaking in this case without knowledge. Five years ago no one was more gladly welcomed in the most exclusive drawing-rooms in London than Geraldine Gascoigne. I knew her well, and liked her much, and now if we meet here, it will be painfully awkward for me, as it is impossible for me to continue the acquaintance."

Again Gladys laughs, and the dozen dangerous lights glitter in her eyes.

"What will you say when I tell you that I do know her very well and like her very much. Arch, a note must go to her at once from me."

"Not to-night, dear," he protests, as she rises and crosses the room with graceful coolness towards her writing-table.

"Not at all, I should say, if you have any regard for my brother and his family," Mrs. Dumorest says, but Gladys goes on writing as if neither of them had spoken.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The lady's rank, the lady's name,  
As usual in such "curious cases,"  
Were asked by many a noble dame  
With most expressive tones and faces.

THREE or four days have passed since Miss Gascoigne began to light up Torquay life, as only such a beautiful, bright, theatrical star can.

She has played her most popular parts in her most consummately finished, and carefully-studied, style, and she has played to crowded houses, and has every reason to be heartily well satisfied with her success.

The local papers have exhausted the language of panegyric, special trains are run to and from Plymouth every night, in order to give every facility for the attendance of whole brigades of her ardent admirers, who are respectively quartered in the garrison or on board the ships in the harbour.

The brilliant histrionic has taken the town and neighbourhood by storm, and the manager of the theatre is delighted to be able to announce that he has been enabled to secure her for three nights longer.

There is nothing about Miss Gascoigne's mode of life at the hotel, or manner of proceeding in



any way; that can call for condemnation from the most censorious social critics.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Dumorest, who is unequalled in her powers of finding flaws and blemishes in every feminine figure who is set up aloft (by the grace of her own genius or wit), finds much to carp at and criticise in the successful actress's daily routine.

It is not that she brings any definite accusation against the popular public favourite. She has, in truth, nothing definite to bring.

But she shudders, and looks askance, and puts on that look of petrified misery and stony despair of ever being able to abolish "the creatures" which virtue is apt to assume in the presence of vice.

And this shuddering and power of facially expressing something that is depreciatory to Miss Gascoigne, are thorns in Arch Saltoun's flesh; for his own Gladys has hailed the advent of Miss Gascoigne with open, undisguised gladness; with a visible hearty display of friendly feeling that makes the attitude assumed by his sister appear a continual condemnation of Gladys and reproach to himself, for allowing Gladys to lay herself open to being so condemned!

And he knows already in his innermost heart that for anyone to talk of his "allowing" Gladys, or "not allowing" Gladys to do anything, is a mere figure of speech.

As may easily be imagined, the situation is excruciatingly unpleasant to him, and more than ever—in his blindness—does he long to get out of it by means of a speedy marriage.

But Gladys Cardigan is so well entertained by this new freak of friendship for Miss Gascoigne, that she insists upon putting all questions bearing upon the marriage aside for future consideration.

"Wise old Herriek tells us to 'gather our roses while we may,'" she tells Arch, when he attempts to chain her attention to the subject which is uppermost in his own mind just at present. "Do let me enjoy myself here for a few days in the society of a woman who is very congenial to me; perhaps I shall not be as happy as you think I shall be at Friars Court. I most undoubtedly shall get bored and dull if I am condemned to the companionship of women who are out after your sister's pattern."

"I am grieved that Flo and you don't hit it off better together; she's always been a very staunch, affectionate sister to me, and I hoped that my wife would have found her the same," he says, regretfully.

Gladys laughs.

"Dear Arch," she says, "how you do take trifles to heart. Do I look like a woman who can't go on her way without some one staunch and affectionate female adherent at her heels? I shall be able to live my life, and to make the best of it, believe me, without your sister's aid!"

She accompanies her defiant speech with such a variety of flattering caresses, she veils the cruel hardness of her sentiments with such a show of soft and tender feeling, that Arch, being only a man, and mainly in those matters to the last degree, is shorn of his strength at once.

He has nothing to say against Miss Gascoigne.

He is not in the way of hearing the ghastly gossip that goes on about nearly every woman who is prominently before the public.

And even if he were in the way of hearing it, Arch Saltoun would never listen to it, for he would only be too intensely sorry to hear it spoken of those he knew, and utterly indifferent to any utterances about others who were unknown to him.

Still his sister shudders, and the working of her expressive features when they are brought to bear on Miss Gascoigne are very terrible to him, for Miss Gascoigne is the chosen and own familiar friend of his future wife.

The two ladies, Gladys and Miss Gascoigne have been out driving together, up and down the Paignton Road, for an hour or two, and apparently all Torquay has turned out to look at them.

It is known that Saltoun is going to marry the beautiful widow, and bearing in mind the county position she will have, it is interesting to all and sundry to watch her intimacy with the famous actress.

Half blind, three parts deaf, wholly uncharitable, old Lady Fitzslater sees with her bleared, baneful old eyes something in the conjunction of the two ladies (Mrs. Cardigan and Miss Gascoigne) that "will certainly be the cause of giving the Saltoun pride a good wholesome fall, my dear," she tells everyone who will listen to her.

And then she goes on to remember for the benefit of an eager and grateful audience that "all sorts of things were said about some woman on the stage a year or two ago, and she is almost sure that her memory does not deceive her in telling her that the woman was this very Miss Gascoigne."

Mrs. Dumorest is one of the audience, and she hears every word of the story, and then she goes home and narrates it to her brother, giving the whole of the text without any omission, and supplying freely a few of the charitable suppositions to which those words have given rise.

"Unpleasant as the task is you ought to give Gladys a word of warning; if you do not she may even invite that woman to visit her at Friars Court; really when Lady Fitzslater suggested that possibility to me to-day I nearly choked."

"I wish the suggestion had quite choked Lady Fitzslater, malicious, meddling old cat," Arch says, irritated out of his ordinary chivalrous consideration for la belle sex. "It unmans a fellow being compelled to listen to this twaddling, scandalous gossip. Lady Fitzslater may take it for granted, and you may rely upon it, Flo, that Gladys will never invite a guest to Friars Court who is not worthy of being there."

"Still I would say a word to Gladys about that woman if I were you," Florence persists, and the admonition is peculiarly unpalatable to Arch, who is engaged to dine with Miss Gascoigne, together with Gladys, this very evening.

How can he go and caution his bride-elect against furthering her intimacy with a lady whose invitation he has just accepted, and whom he has suffered to put off her dinner-hour from four to six to suit his convenience and habits.

"It's a departure from my regular routine to do this, Mr. Saltoun. As a rule I dine at four, and spend the hours that intervene between dinner and going to the theatre in recovering from the dinner; but Gladys has made me anxious to know you, naturally, she being such a great friend of mine; so I'll upset my digestion, and run the risk of going on to-night flushed in the wrong places for the sake of your society."

All this had been pleasant to him to listen to when she was saying it. But the memory of it is bitter to him now, for has not his sister spoken of her as "that woman," and advised him to say a word to Gladys about the latter's intimacy with Miss Gascoigne.

How can he say that word, or think of saying that word when he has allowed Miss Gascoigne to put herself to inconvenience and run the risk of getting her face unbekomingly flushed for the sake of having him to dinner.

Yet still how can he avoid saying a word of some sort to Gladys, when Florence makes such a point of his doing so?

These questions perplex him terribly, and in his perplexity he very naturally determines on losing his temper with the woman over whom he has the fullest sway. Florence, his sister, is the one being in the world who for his interests and her own will bear and forbear with him.

Gladys he dare not ruffle in the slightest degree or she may spread those ready wings of hers and sail away on to unknown seas.

Miss Gascoigne is beyond him altogether, and he only sniffs the strife afar as to his own county people. But his sister he has under his thumb to a certain extent, by reason of the traditional interest the Saltouns all take in one

another, and her anxiety about little Arch and Florry.

Accordingly it occurs to him that as he is unhappy he will at least make Florence uncomfortable.

He will put it to her that Lady Fitzslater having started a scandal in Torquay in which she is endeavouring to involve his future wife, shall be made to verify that scandal or be made unhappy, too.

And at this demoralising proposition of his that one of their "own order" shall be brought to book for her idle words, Mrs. Dumorest yields up her sword and is silent.

"Perhaps we had better not say another word about it," she says, rather nervously, when he has declared his readiness to "go into the matter with that evil-tongued witch, old Fitzslater."

"I agree with you that it will be much better not to say another word about it, but if another word is said it shall be said in such a way as shall give Miss Gascoigne an opportunity of defending herself," he says, as carelessly as if he were not in reality most sorely tried by the whole business.

"You don't mean to imply that you would advise Miss Gascoigne to take serious notice of anything Lady Fitzslater has said?" Florence questions, in accents of horror at the possibility of such an onslaught being made upon a dame of high descent by a "mere professional."

"Why should she not take serious notice of it? It concerns her very deeply; rumours raised by foul-tongued and false-mouthed old harridans have been the bane of many a good girl's life. You wanted me to take serious notice of it, yet you seem to think that the one it may blast ought to let it pass."

"Not exactly that, but I should be sorry to be implicated in such a matter. Clement would never forgive me if my name got mixed up in the propagation of a scandal."

"Then you shouldn't propagate scandal," Arch says, incisively.

"Arch, you never spoke so crossly to me before," she says, with genuine dismay. "Is a stranger to step in and rob me of all your love and consideration?"

"You must remember that 'the stranger' you speak of is about to become my wife."

"No, no, I didn't mean Gladys; my remark applied to her friend, Miss Gascoigne."

"Her friends are mine; but as you said just now we had better let the matter drop; Clement mightn't like to see you stuck up in the witness-box in a defamation of character case."

"I spoke for your good, Arch, and I heartily wish I had never spoken at all," his sister says, tearfully; "it is too bad to be accused of a love of scandal and gossip because I was over zealous in the cause of my brother's honour."

"I can take care of that, Florry, dear," he says, affectionately, for his heart recurs to her at the sight of her emotion. But all the same though he speaks affectionately, and kisses her, he wishes quite as heartily as she does that she had not spoken.

When it comes to be time for him to go in to the dinner which Miss Gascoigne has deferred for him, he feels as if some word of apology were due to his sister for leaving her. And he says the word, and Mrs. Dumorest receives it very pleasantly.

"Don't mention it," she says, "Miss Gascoigne will soon be off to the theatre, and I suppose then that Gladys and you will come in and spend the evening with me as I go back to Plymouth to-morrow."

"I have promised to go with Gladys to the theatre, he explains, "but can't you come with us?"

"If Gladys wishes me to go I will," she assents, in her fervent desire to do all things that will please her brother.

"You see you have held aloof from Miss Gascoigne in such a marked manner that she could hardly ask you to dinner."

"Hardly," Mrs. Dumorest rejoins, calmly, with an effort.

"Now I must be off. Gladys will run in for a minute before we go."

Then he goes to Miss Gascoigne's private apartment, where he finds Gladys and her friend giving clever caricature imitations of every lady with any pretence to peculiarity whom it has been their good fortune to meet to-day.

The ladies are both laughing hilariously as he enters. Miss Gascoigne drops the imitation she is engaged in at the moment, and becomes merely the charming Miss Gascoigne she is in everyday life, but Gladys hastens to explain the cause of mirth.

"I wish you had come in before to see Geraldine do a horrible old woman who infests the place—a Lady Fitzslater. There is nothing real left of her; her gums are of gold, and her teeth are set in them in such a wonderfully scientific and utterly unnatural way that she always whistles when she speaks; and you should see her do—"

"We'll drop the imitations and dine, I think," Miss Gascoigne says, going to the head of the table.

"Do show Arch Mrs. Dumorest first?" Gladys goes on, regardless of the presence of her friend's maid and the waiter; "do, Geraldine. Arch, she does your sister to the life, the air of skeleton elegance, and the sharp tones, only Geraldine can't make her pretty nose look long, and ready to scent any offence that everybody about her may ever have committed, like Mrs. Dumorest does."

"I think it's the most ill-natured thing in the world to imitate anyone," Miss Gascoigne says, blushing freely, and looking deprecatingly at Arch. "I hate myself whenever I do it, and I deserve to be humiliated as Gladys has humiliated me now. Can you forgive me?"

There is something so generous in her free confession that what man on earth could refrain from granting her full absolution?

Certainly Arch Saltoun is not the one. The cordiality is strengthened between them by means of this little contretemps.

And before dinner is over Miss Gascoigne has proposed that she shall invite Mrs. Dumorest to join them at supper on their return from the theatre.

And Arch does not know how to intervene to prevent the invitation being sent, which will be like waving a flag of defiance in Florence's face.

(To be Continued.)

#### VANCE'S CONCERT PARTY.

A FEW weeks ago we called attention to the Concert Tour which this inimitable mimic was undertaking with such marked success. We refer to the matter again to remind those of our readers who have the opportunity that the attractive programme Mr. Vance puts forth is one well worthy of their support, especially during the forthcoming Easter holidays. Twelve different characters impersonated and twelve songs sung in one evening by this prince among delineators, with illustrations by Miss Eunice Irving, double-voice songs and instrumental solos by Mr. Charles Woodman, and Mr. Henry Sterndale Austin, E.A.M., at the piano, constitute a combination of attractions not to be met with elsewhere and ought to draw overflowing audiences to an entertainment in which there is so much talent as well as "always something new."

#### WEAPS.

EVERYONE must remark that a favourite article of winter clothing for children is a comforter swathed around the neck. This is a great error; the feet and wrists are the proper members to keep warm; the face and throat will harden into healthy indifference to cold; but that muffler, exchanged for an extra pair of thick socks and knitted gloves, would preserve a boy or girl really warm and well.

Bronchitis and sore throat have declined fifty per cent. since the absurd use of high collars and twice-round neckerchiefs went out of

fashion; and if the poor would take better care of their children's feet half the infantile mortality would disappear. It only costs a trifle to put a piece of thick felt or cork into the bottom of a boot or shoe, but the difference is often considerable between that and a doctor's bill, with, perhaps, the undertaker's beside.

#### THE PARTING.

As the sparkling, dancing brooklet,  
From the sheltered, mossy dell,  
Leaving trees and tangled thickets,  
Ferns and flowers that love her well,  
Flows to join another streamlet,  
Forming hence one stronger tide,  
Soon to be a mighty river,  
Precious-freighted—see our bride.

In her veil of silvery whiteness,  
In the blossoms of her brow,  
In her youth's glad exultation,  
She is like the streamlet now.  
As she leaves her home of childhood,  
With the one best loved, to-day,  
Like the barques their joys and sorrows,  
Like the broadening river they.

Yet, once more, the faithful mother,  
Tender, yet with anxious fears,  
Leads aside her white-robed darling,  
Child of many prayers and tears.  
Half in sorrow, half in gladness,  
Closely clasps the tiny hand,  
And her finger gently presses  
On the little golden band.

"Oh, my daughter! could I give you,  
Ere we part, the brightest, best,  
That for you, in prayers and wishes,  
Overflow your mother's breast;  
I should be indeed thrice blessed;  
But 'tis not for me to say  
What shall be your happiest portion,  
What your joys from day to day.

"But this parting word I give you,  
Shrine it as a pictured saint;  
By this mystic, golden token,  
Love, and hope, and never faint.  
Take your daily strength and comfort  
From a higher source than I—  
God Himself will journey with you,  
Blessing, keeping—dear, good-bye."

She is gone. The place that knew  
her,  
Hence shall know her now no more.  
Thus the streamlets, now united,  
Seek another course and shore.  
Flow they on, a widening river,  
Bearing riches on its breast,  
Out into the mighty ocean—  
Emblem of eternal rest. S. E.

#### PAST AND PRESENT.

YOUNG ladies of the present day would be rather shocked if they were obliged to endure the monotonous life of the girl of a century ago. She was taught to embroider, to sing, and to dance the minuet. She carried herself upright, and sat habitually on the edge of her chair, and never leaned back. Whether she was modest at heart or not, she assumed a modest demeanour. She looked down when gentlemen spoke to her, and was shocked when they peeped under her bonnet, which was really something to do in those days.

She wore her dress very low in the neck, and very short in the sleeves, because it was the fashion. She always spoke respectfully to her elders, and sat in the corner until the gentlemen who admired her sought her out. When she danced she gave the tips of her fingers to her partner, and when she paid her compliments she blushed, or at least hid her face behind her fan. "Sensibility" was her greatest charm.

"Tears of sweet sensibility forced down her

cheeks," says an old-fashioned novel, speaking of its heroine. She did not dream of accepting a suitor without first consulting "papa." When she was married she wept, and so did all the bridesmaids. The girl of to-day is taught to play the piano and to dance the polka. She stares about her, and there is no occasion to peep under her bonnet. At present she chokes herself with scarfs and standing ruffles, and sometimes manages to give them anything but a modest effect.

She makes no secret of despising old people, and at a party goes about hunting her beaux. When she dances she tells her partner to hold tighter and not let her fall, and she is rouged too highly to blush. When she has an offer she laughs, refuses it twice, and accepts it the third time, but does not take "pa and ma" into her confidence until the last moment—not until it is necessary for them to furnish her wedding outfit. Look upon this picture, and then upon that!

#### GIVE WORKMEN A CHANCE.

MANY a workman who would otherwise be contented with his lot is demoralised by a cheerless workshop. The surroundings of the place of labour have more influence upon the operative than many are aware of. Give a mechanic clumsy tools to work with, a rough, dirty bench to work upon, imperfect light, scarcely elbow room, and but little care exercised respecting proper ventilation and warmth, and he will become careless, his work partaking of the character of his surroundings; he will think more of getting his wages at a certain time than of the completion of his work.

A few years of this experience will spoil almost any workman, no matter how good he may be. But give him, on the contrary, good tools to work with, and a nice place in which to perform work, and he will insensibly take more pains with it than in a badly arranged apartment. In a pleasant room he will, of his own accord, keep his tools and work in good order, and more cheerfully perform the task assigned to him. A kind of magnetic influence of the surroundings will infuse itself into the operative, and his work will partake of that and go from him stamped with the impress of the influence thus created.

THE death is announced of Madame Guillemin, a celebrated French actress, at the ripe age of eighty-six.

A CALIFORNIAN has invented an ingenious water-faucet, through which, if water is run, it comes out as cold as ice-water. Boiling water placed in any receptacle, and allowed to run through, will be found cool and fit to drink. The faucet contains numerous small tubes inclosed in large ones, and between the outside of one and the inside of the other certain chemicals are packed, which produce the desired effect. The inventor declines to give further particulars.

It is related of Victor Emmanuel that he once said that it might be the duty of Humbert to go to Rome, but that he himself would never go there. Nothing would tempt him, he said; for he respected the Pope, and knew that Pius IX. loved him at the bottom of his heart. The Pope once said: "I am not angry with the King; he is not a bad man, but he is weak and vain. I pity him, and cannot forget that all his ancestors loved the church; therefore I hope that he will one day remember this."

A MAP of New Zealand, prepared by order of the Colonial Government for the Vienna Exhibition, has recently been published, on a scale of 1:1,000,000. The original drawing, by Mr. Koch, has been revised by Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, and the map may therefore be presumed to represent our present knowledge of that colony. The hills are printed in grey, almost too faintly to express adequately the features of the ground, and the names of the new counties have been inserted.





[NO INTENTIONS.]

## SINNED AGAINST: NOT SINNING.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

The massive gates of circumstances  
Are turned upon the smallest hinge.

ULRICA started. For the moment as Lady Pendleton spoke she had not, for a wonder, an answer ready.

"Oh, Lady Pendleton," she exclaimed, with a little awkward laugh, "I am a nobody, don't trouble yourself about me. Tell me all about Miss Vane's marriage. What are you going to wear at the wedding?"

That last question was a good stroke of policy upon Ulrica's part.

She knew right well that Lady Pendleton was always to be turned from the subject under discussion by any reference to her dress.

"Well," she replied, meditatively, "I think I shall wear pale mauve. At all events, I mean to have several costumes made, and I shall see which suits my style and complexion best."

Even Ulrica felt a contempt for the vain, frivolous old woman.

"Ah!" she said, not in any way betraying her sentiments, "that would be an excellent plan."

"Yes, I think it would be about the best thing to do. Sir Percival has given Everil some magnificent diamonds, but he will give me even a finer set. I was to have had opals and diamonds, but as my emeralds are rather old-fashioned, I have requested him to give me emeralds and diamonds."

The old woman cackled, and her sycophant flattered and agreed with her.

At length a clock chimed, and they descended to the drawing-room.

Everil soon made her appearance, looking so radiantly lovely that even Ulrica looked at her in blank amazement.

Had she misunderstood the girl? she asked herself.

Could it be true that diamonds, assured position, and the prospect of matrimony with an elderly gentleman and pedantic notions, could work such a change in her appearance?

For the colour had come to Everil's lip and cheek, and the light to her eye, and she looked like the beautiful, brilliant creature she was a few weeks ago.

"Dear Everil!" exclaimed Ulrica, with effusion, advancing and taking the girl's two hands in hers. "I am so glad to hear of your coming happiness!"

"Dear Ulrica!" was the reply, in exactly the same tone. "Then I give you credit for more disinterestedness than I thought you capable of!"

Ulrica was taken aback, but it did not suit her to say so.

She felt there was some hidden meaning in Everil's words, and she was too diplomatic to let her see she recognised it.

"I always told you you never gave me credit for the affection I have always borne towards you!" replied Ulrica, with modest downcast eyes and quivering, sensitive-looking lips; "but I assure you, Everil, that no one will rejoice more at your marriage than I shall."

"I quite believe you, Ulrica. There is no need for you to take any trouble to assure me upon that head. I am sure that the happiest day you will ever see will be that upon which I shall be married to Sir Percival Rossmore!"

As Everil concluded she walked to the end of the spacious drawing-room, a lurking smile about the corners of her beautiful mouth, which puzzled and dismayed Ulrica.

The latter did not know what to think of Everil's strange manner, and was about to make some remark upon the subject, when Sir Percival entered the room.

So much engrossed was he with watching his beautiful betrothed, that Sir Percival did not pay much attention to the rector's daughter.

Indeed, he considered her rather a common-

place, toadyish young woman, and so little impression did she make upon him, that had he met her the next day with her bonnet on he would not have known her.

Ulrica could not have told exactly why, but certainly a more uncomfortable dinner-party she had never made one of.

All the evening Everil was a puzzle, and a constant source of amazement to her.

Never had she seen the girl look so very beautiful, and she most decidedly had never known Everil to take so much trouble to please anyone as she evidently took to please Sir Percival Rossmore.

The old gentleman had eyes and ears for none but his lovely Everil, and after dinner they walked out, and sat under the magnolia tree on the lawn, right in view of the drawing-room windows.

"Well," exclaimed Lady Pendleton, complacently, as she leisurely sipped her fragrant coffee out of a little priceless, handleless cup of black and gold china, "you see now, Ulrica, I was right after all. Could I have selected a more devoted husband for Everil?"

"Apparently not," replied Ulrica, who was watching the pair on the lawn with some curiosity; and wondering that an elderly gentleman like Sir Percival had not more the fear of rheumatism before his mental vision than to sit out of doors in a thin evening coat with the dew falling.

"You see how fond he seems of her, and how amiable she is to him," continued the old lady. "I tell you in confidence, Ulrica, I never expected she would have behaved in so exemplary a manner. But you see, my dear, diamonds and a liberal settlement can overcome any woman's apparent unwillingness."

Ulrica pondered over these things. She had no more conversation with Everil that evening, and wiled away the time in desultory chat with Lady Pendleton.

The rector's daughter seemed at length so absent-minded, and became so stupid and uninteresting, that her hostess was not sorry when

Ulrica's maid was announced as having come for her.

It was yet early—scarcely ten o'clock—when they set out on their way home. The daylight had faded from the face of heaven, and instead, there was the faint clear haze of the summer's night.

As they walked along Ulrica went over every little detail of her plot, carefully weighed and considered it, and finally came to the conclusion that Everil's change of manner boded no good.

She could not have explained how or why she had come to this conclusion.

Nevertheless, there it was, and the idea would not be exorcised. It came:

As a black cloud 'thwart the sunshine,  
As a serpent flowers among,  
As a false note in the music,  
As a discord in the song.

At all hazards, there was one thing certain, and that was that she would, by some diplomatic means or other, get to see the marriage register of Brentwood Church and extract the marriage certificate of Sir Percival Rossmore and Muriel Oliphant.

Ulrica was beginning to be somewhat uneasy about the latter.

She had heard no tidings of her, dead or alive.

She was afraid to go near the quarry shaft where she had last been in her company, and although Ulrica longed to know yet she dreaded what she might hear.

So engrossed was Ulrica with her thoughts that she gave a start as Jane said:

"If you please, miss, master said we had better come home by the quarry bye-path."

They had just reached the outer gates of Pondeleton Park, and were proceeding along the high-road:

"Why is that?" she asked, rather sharply.

"Because there was some foolish radical political meeting held in the village to-day," replied Jane, carefully enunciating her words, "and master said there might be a lot of tipsy men about the road, miss."

"Father is very thoughtful," said Ulrica, sweetly, "but I am not afraid to go along the road."

No, but she was afraid to go along the path where she had last been with Muriel Oliphant. As she spoke, however, a wild cry resounded in the distance, and Jane, in terror, exclaimed:

"Oh, miss, dear, don't you hear some of those dreadful tipsy fellows coming along the road? Oh, do, miss, take master's advice and come by the quarry path!"

Ulrica had no alternative but to do so. She knew very well the treatment both she and her maid might be subjected to did they get into the midst of the broil.

So they turned aside into the narrow bye-path.

For about ten minutes they walked along until they came to the place where Ulrica and Muriel had last been together.

As they neared it Ulrica's heart beat fast. The summer moon was now on high, revealing every object distinctly.

They saw two figures approaching, and as they drew nearer Ulrica recognised—

Leopold Ormiston and the white, weird face of Muriel Oliphant!

#### CHAPTER XXX.

No ear can hear, no tongue can tell  
The tortures of an inward hell. BRON.

QUICK as thought Leopold Ormiston put his arm around his companion, turned with her quickly, and hurried her down the narrow path which led down to the quarry.

From this there was an exit at the other side, and by the clear light of the summer moon Ulrica could see the two figures.

Transfixed with amazement, Ulrica watched them until a bend in the opposite path hid them from her view.

A great and nameless horror seized upon her soul.

Was it really the face of Muriel Oliphant

which she had looked upon?—and if so, how did it come to pass that she was in the company of Leopold Ormiston?

But one conclusion could Ulrica come to. The woman had, in some almost miraculous way, escaped the doom she had intended for her; and Leopold Ormiston had evidently succoured her.

Jane was the first to recover the use of her tongue.

"Law, Miss Ulrica!" she exclaimed, "who'd have thought, now, that Mr. Ormiston would be keeping company with anyone?"

"So far, so good. Jane evidently did not recognise the woman."

"Some one in whose company he apparently did not wish to be seen," replied her mistress, in her severest and correctest tones.

"An' Mr. Ormiston such a quiet gentleman?" continued Jane, who dearly loved a little bit of gossip.

"New, who would ever have thought of it, miss?"

"I am sure I never thought anything about it," said Ulrica, trying to speak as calmly as possible, "and please don't mention the subject again, Jane. Mr. Ormiston's affairs are of no consequence to us, and I dislike to think that my maids, who ought to set an example in the parish, should be the first to spread idle gossip. So say no more upon the matter; don't let me hear even that you say anything about our having met Mr. Ormiston with anyone."

"No, Miss Ulrica," replied Jane, submissively.

In common with all under the sway of the rector's daughter, she had a wholesome dread of incurring her mistress's anger.

Notwithstanding her apparent acquiescence, Ulrica had experienced such a revulsion of feeling that her tongue almost clove to the roof of her mouth.

Her lips were parched with terror, and her tottering limbs almost refused to support her.

She could not make the matter out at all, but with her customary caution she determined to sit down quietly before going to bed, and to think the matter out.

Fields are full of eyes, and woods have ears,  
For this the wise are ever on their guard;  
For unforeseen, they say, is unprepared.

Ulrica had read the words somewhere, and had never forgotten them.

Seldom, or never, was she found unprepared, for the tentacles of her active mind were spread everywhere, and some scout or other generally warned her of any approaching danger.

Prayers over, Ulrica locked herself in the room where Muriel Oliphant had slept and again consulted her diary.

She again anathematised herself for not being prepared for the contingency of the woman's escape.

This was an ingredient in the plot which she had neither expected nor counted upon, and the only thing that remained to be done was to bring some counteracting influence to bear upon it.

It almost upset all Ulrica's arrangements save one, and that was that there was now all the more urgent necessity for her to try and destroy the evidence of the marriage.

Ulrica wrote down all the events of the evening in her own peculiar private cypher, and then retired to bed, but not to sleep.

"The good rector was—as he graphically expressed it—"much exercised in his mind" at hearing no tidings of the poor woman whom he had succoured in the spirit of true Samaritanism.

He had wearied the police-officers with his importunity, and they, in their turn, had almost reduced the good man to a state of mild desperation by their deliberation.

"Ulrica, my dear," said he, as they sat at breakfast, "you know you must not think of coming back until you feel very much better. This morning you look worse than I have yet seen you look."

"I did not sleep well, father," which was quite true.

When Ulrica looked at her face in the glass

when dressing she was quite shocked at the worn and haggard appearance which it had presented.

"Well, my dear, we must hope the change of air will have a beneficial effect, and enable you to sleep better. I shall never forgive myself for having been so blind as never to have noticed how ill you were."

"It is no matter, father."

Ulrica spoke with the air of a martyr.

"But it does matter, my child," he replied, setting down his coffee-cup with some vehemence, "and I repeat that you must not come home until you feel quite strong again. I know you will be anxious about poor Mrs. Farker, so if I hear anything whatever I shall be sure to let you know."

"I shall be very glad, father, to hear any tidings of her."

Ulrica wondered now if Leopold Ormiston would actually write to her.

She could not understand his conduct. What were his motives in evidently assisting the police to find Muriel Oliphant if he all the time knew of her existence and of her whereabouts?

With these thoughts whirling in her active, scheming brain, Ulrica drove with her father to the railway station.

It was a peculiarity of the rector's that he was much too soon everywhere, and this occasion was no exception to the rule. Fully twenty minutes was there to spare.

The little country station looked hot and dusty and bakingly hot in the glare of the forenoon sun, so Ulrica and her father took advantage of the slight shelter afforded by a narrow shed dignified with the name of "The Waiting Room."

They sat right in view of the road whence they had come—the dusty, white, flinty high-road.

Click-clack! click-clack! click-clack!

The sound of a horse's hoofs in the distance, and a horse seen amid the clouds of dust on the road.

Nearer and nearer came the horse and rider, and as they stopped beside the rector's phaeton and the man spoke to the groom Ulrica's heart gave one great pulsation—for she recognised Leopold Ormiston.

Her pulses throbbed madly from the combined joy of seeing him and the terror lest any unforeseen calamity might be hovering in the future.

The few seconds which elapsed whilst he was speaking to the groom seemed to her to be an age.

She did not know whether to rejoice or to be sorry when she saw him dismount and spring lightly up the steps leading to the little platform.

How bonny and handsome he looked standing there in his light summer suit, with his straw hat shading his bronzed, manly face!

Ulrica looked at him, and felt she could then and there have forsworn faith, friends, name, fame, and country for the sake of being the beloved of Leopold Ormiston.

"Ah, Miss Warner," he exclaimed, taking off his hat, and crossing to the platform where she sat. "So you are really going away from us?"

"So it seems," she replied, with such a strange tremor in her voice that her father noticed it.

He, good man, ascribed it to filial sorrow at leaving home.

"Come! come! Cheer up!" he said, affectionately, laying his hand on hers. "It is much better for you to go away now and come back well and strong."

"I am sure I hope your visit may be beneficial to you, Miss Warner, as well as pleasant," interposed Leopold Ormiston, keenly scrutinising her face, which paled and reddened alternately beneath his gaze.

"Thank you," was all she felt able to say, and much as she loved to be in this man's presence she devoutly wished the train would come quickly.

"Indeed, you look as though you wanted a change of air," said Leopold Ormiston, calmly. "Your nerves seem quite unstrung, Miss Warner. How is that?"

"Yes," interrupted the rector. "You see,



Ulrica has not been well for some time past, and then the anxiety she underwent about that poor woman has completely unnerved him."

"Dear me!" ejaculated in a tone of exaggerated concern.

Ulrica would have given a good deal to have been able to preserve her equanimity at this juncture.

But she felt herself becoming pale. Yes; ashy pale to the very lips.

And she also saw how Leopold Ormiston was scrutinising her.

"I saw Miss Vane yesterday," she said, hastily and unthinkingly, but anxious to say something for the sake of diverting attention from herself.

"She was at church, I presume?" spoken in a calm voice and without any appearance of concern.

"Oh, I don't mean to say I saw her only at church. I—I—" (actually the customarily self-possessed Ulrica stammered) "I dined at Pendleton Hall yesterday."

"Ah! then you were coming from Lady Pendleton's when I met you and your maid last night by the quarry path?"

"Yes."

Would he never stop?—she thought, in desperation.

"Father?" she continued, "had you not better get my ticket?"

The rector obediently departed to act upon his daughter's suggestion, and Leopold Ormiston said:

"I was sorry I could not have accompanied you home, Miss Warner, but you saw I was otherwise engaged."

"So I saw," adding, with a certain sense of relief:

"Here is the train. I hope papa has had my luggage properly labelled?"

"Yes, my dear, it is all right. Now, my child," as the train drew up alongside the platform, "don't sit with your back to the engine, and be sure you write and tell me how you feel. Good-bye, my dear, good-bye, and may Heaven bless you!"

"Good-bye, Miss Warner. I shall not forget my promise," said Leopold Ormiston, as the train moved off.

Ulrica had no time to make any reply. She was the only occupant of the carriage, and as soon as the train was out of sight of the station she flung herself upon the cushions, and a moan of agony burst from her lips.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Oh, that men's ears should be  
To counsel dumb, but not to flattery!

SHAKESPEARE.

In Ulrica Warner's breast there had been just a lurking hope that Leopold Ormiston had not recognised her—that he might have wished to avoid meeting anyone, and not her in particular.

But now there could be no doubt about the matter, and from his manner she felt sure he knew she had recognised Muriel Oliphant, alias Mrs. Parker.

If he would only say something definite, she thought, with despair.

But his manner was so strange, apparently so open and friendly, but evidently something was concealed.

The train stopped, and Ulrica, springing up, smoothed her hair and settled her hat. A number of people got into the carriage, so Ulrica settled herself in a corner, fully occupied with her thoughts.

At length the journey was over, and the train stopped at Loamton, the nearest station to Ferndale.

Her aunt, her uncle, and her eldest cousin were there to welcome her, and after a pleasant drive of about two miles they reached the rectory.

If there was anything in the world Ulrica hated it was a visit to Ferndale Rectory. She was false and conventional herself, but her aunt and her two cousins were even more so. The

two latter were, one about Ulrica's age, the other a few years younger.

Both were below the middle height, with insignificant figures, pasty complexions, and wisps of straw-coloured hair.

Their rather expressionless faces were rendered still more so by the absence of eyebrows, and their little light eyes looked as though they had once been blue, but were now badly washed.

Not attractive young women, from any point of view, and although Ulrica was not decidedly pretty, yet there was a certain cultivated style about her which her cousins sadly lacked. Notwithstanding their deficiencies, yet they were strangely like Ulrica.

There was the same contour of face and chin, there were the same thin red lips.

"Dear Ulrica," said Arabella, the elder of the two sisters, as she gave Ulrica's cheek a peck with her thin red lips, "we were so pleased when we heard you had decided to come to us."

"You are so kind to say so."

"We must try and get up some amusement for you while you are here," interrupted her aunt, in her smooth, deceitful tones, "something in the way of a croquet-party, or something of the kind."

"Oh! pray don't take any trouble upon my account," exclaimed Ulrica, effusively. "I assure you I lead so quiet a life that I never think of such a thing as that."

They sauntered about the garden after dinner, Ulrica in a decorous grey dress, her cousins in unbecoming brown merinos and antediluvian-looking chignons.

Ulrica had been going over in her mind the possibility of getting over to Brentwood as soon as possible, but had not yet quite decided how it was to be done.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Ulrica, pensively, gazing at a gnarled old oak which she knew could not have been planted since she had been at Ferndale some years before, and that she could therefore talk about with impunity. "How glad I am to be here once more! How well I remember that dear old oak-tree! There used to be a swing here, I think, was there not?" she continued, half-meditatively, and making a shot at her subject.

"No, Ulrica, dear," said Cecilia, her younger cousin, who was considered quite juvenile; "the swing is out in the paddock. We often swing there, and I can go up oh! so high," she exclaimed, with an affectation of childishness, and speaking as though it were rather a wonderful and meritorious achievement for one so young and so artless to have attained to. "Do come and have a swing, Cousin Ulrica."

"You absurd child!" exclaimed Ulrica, playfully shaking her by the arm. "You are as joyous and as ingenuous as ever."

Ulrica was determined to flatter each cousin to the utmost.

Each, in her own particular rôle, she decided to make think herself perfection.

She had immense faith in flattery judiciously applied.

Ulrica even went so far as to visit the swing and to allow herself to be whirled up into the air until her head reeled, and she was obliged to beg of them to stop. But she bore her headache manfully.

What was a headache to the heartaches which might ensue did she not carry out her plans successfully?

"Now come and sit down here in the shade," she said, taking a hand of Arabella and Cecilia.

"I am going to tell you a secret."

"Oh, how nice," exclaimed the juvenile Cecilia, clapping her hands in a babyish manner.

"How delicious!"

"Cecilia," said Arabella, in a corrective tone,

"I wish you would learn to speak properly."

"You know you should not apply the adjective

'delicious' to anything except what you can eat,

and you cannot eat a secret, you stupid child!"

"Isn't she learned!" exclaimed Cecilia, clasp-

ing her hands and looking appealingly at

Ulrica; "but I am right. A secret is a 'delicious' thing. I am literally waiting to devour

Ulrica's. My mental appetite is hungry for it."

The cousins laughed at this outburst of innocent mirth, and Arabella said:

"Cecy is incorrigible—but now, Ulrica, for your secret. What is it? Are you going to be married?"

"Well," replied Ulrica, looking down modestly, and blushing beautifully (some women can blush at will), "I did not mean to speak upon that subject just at present—"

Here she stopped, apparently overcome with confusion.

"Then you are going to be married, Ulrica?" they exclaimed, simultaneously.

"Oh, come! I shall not tell you anything about it now," she said, with an emphasis upon the last word. "But listen first to the secret I promised to tell you."

"Yes, we'll have that first," replied Cecilia, meaningly. "But you must tell us about the other afterwards."

"Be quiet, you naughty child," said Ulrica, playfully shaking her finger at her cousin. "My secret is this: I am going to write a novel."

"No!"

"Only fancy!"

Proceeded at the same time from the lips of her respective listeners.

"Yes, I feel sure I could write a novel," she continued, unheeding the interruption. "And I find that in one part of my plot it is necessary I should have some curious extracts from old parish registers."

She spoke at random.

She knew that her listeners would swallow as Gospel whatever she chose to tell them.

"Therefore," she continued, "I want to know if you think uncle would let me go over the old registers of Ferndale?"

"Of course he would!" exclaimed Cecilia, who rather liked the idea of having a cousin an authoress.

"Why did you not go over the registers of Pendleton Church?" inquired Arabella, who was decidedly of a practical turn of mind.

"Oh, I did so," she readily replied, mendaciously. "But you know Pendleton is rather a recently built church, and not by any means one of the older parishes. I could not quite get what I wanted for my purpose there. Now, Ferndale is one of the oldest parishes in England."

"Oh, that will be all right," said Arabella. "And now for your other news."

"Yes, what about your marriage?" exclaimed Cecilia. "When is it to be? What is he like?—dark or fair, tall or short? And what is his name?"

"You outrageous little creature," returned her gycophantic cousin; "what a number of questions! Why, it would take a week to answer them all. Be quiet, now; I have not yet done about my novel."

"Will it have nice little bits of poetry at the heading of each chapter?" inquired Cecilia, in a childish tone.

"Yes, dear."

"And a beautiful heroine?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then I promise you that I shall read it," she replied, promptly. "I hate stories where the heroine is ugly. Who on earth cares about the fate or fortunes of an ugly woman?"

"Unfortunately it is the case," said Ulrica, pensively. "I should never think of trying to drive a team of ugly heroines through the orthodox number of chapters."

"By the way," continued Ulrica, as they sauntered to the house, and as though the thought had only just struck her, "is there not a place called Brentwood near this?"

"Yes," replied Arabella. "The next parish to this."

"I was speaking to a person lately," said Ulrica, "who told me that in the registers of Brentwood parish there are some most curious entries. Do you think it would be possible for me to get them?"

"I should think there is no difficulty about it."

"Who is the clergyman?" inquired Ulrica.

"A Mr. Vincent, an old bachelor. He lives there with his maiden sister?"

"We'll go over there to tea some evening," suggested Cecilia, "and then you can grub amongst your dusty, musty old books."

So successfully did Ulrica manage that she not alone received her uncle's permission to examine the registers of Ferndale parish, but he also promised to drive her over to Brentwood the next day and to ask Mr. Vincent to allow her to overhaul his parish records.

"This is my niece, Miss Warner," said her uncle, introducing her to Mr. Vincent the next day. "She is about writing a book, and thinks you can help her. Any assistance you can give her I shall consider a personal favour."

Ulrica smiled sweetly upon the fussy little bachelor rector, and told her little lying tale.

The rector was only too happy to be of any use to Ulrica Warner.

He felt rather important than otherwise, and rather grateful at being allowed to assist her.

For Ulrica, in her customary ambiguous manner, had given him to understand that she was a writer of some position, but, for reasons of her own, chose to write anonymously.

"I am quite frightened at the sight of all these old books, Mr. Vincent," exclaimed Ulrica, as she glanced into the massive old oaken coffer wherein the books were kept in the vestry.

"I'll tell you the best thing for you to do, Miss Warner," said the rector. "Suppose you come over and stay here for a day or two and look over the books at your leisure?"

"Dear Mr. Vincent! it is the thing of all others I should like to do; but it might be inconvenient for Miss Vincent."

The rector undertook to answer for his sister. She seconded his invitation when they returned to the rectory, and it was arranged that Ulrica was to come to Brentwood the next day.

(To be Continued.)

#### ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION.

THE annual general meeting of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution was held recently at Willis's Rooms, St. James's; Mr. Thomas Chapman presided. The meeting was influentially and numerously attended.

The Chairman said that by the exertions of the brave and gallant men who manned the lifeboats of the institution, they had been instrumental in saving during the last twelve months 841 lives.

The casualties which had occurred from the year 1875 to 1876 were no less than 3,700, and that upon our coasts only. If we looked to the East Coast we should find as usual that the largest number of wrecks and casualties occurred there, and yet that coast was so well lighted, buoyed, and beacons, that an able navigator could never for one moment lie in doubt as to where he was. Yet he regretted to say that in practice it was not so. His reason for alluding to these facts was that it showed the necessity for continued watchfulness and interest in the lifeboat cause. They had now between 260 and 270 lifeboats placed upon various parts of the coast, and during the past year the committee had endeavoured by every means in their power—through the instrumentality of Lloyd's Agents and of the Coastguard Officers—to obtain information as to places where additional lifeboats could be satisfactorily stationed.

The report showed that since the last meeting fourteen new lifeboats had been placed on our coasts, nine of them at new stations and five to replace other boats, there now being 263 lifeboats under the management of the society. During the year 1877 the lifeboats of the institution had saved no less than 841 persons, nearly the whole of them under perilous circumstances when ordinary boats could not have been employed without great risk of life to those on board them. In addition the lifeboats had helped last year to rescue 35 vessels from destruction. For those services, and for saving 200 lives by fishing-boats and other means, 10 silver medals, 17 votes of thanks inscribed on

vellum, and £4,069 had been granted by the institution.

It was satisfactory to know that the exertions of the lifeboat-men on the disastrous occasion of shipwreck continued to be most gallant and persevering. The number of lives saved during the fifty-four years from the establishment of the institution to the end of the year 1877, either by its lifeboats or by special exertions for which it had granted rewards, was 25,423. For these services it had voted 92 gold and 886 silver medals besides pecuniary rewards to the amount of £54,200. The total amount of the donations, subscriptions, and dividends received during that period had been £42,442, of which sum £10,295 were special gifts to defray the cost of thirteen lifeboats. The expenditure, including liabilities, had amounted to £47,309.

Resolutions were proposed and carried approving of the high state of efficiency of the lifeboats of the Institution, bearing testimony to the bravery and unwearied exertion of their coxswains and crews; and earnestly appealing to the public for liberal support to carry on the great work of preservation of life from shipwreck. A most hearty vote of thanks was then passed to the chairman, Mr. Chapman, who for a quarter of a century had rendered most valuable assistance in the management of the Institution. The motion was put to the meeting by George Lyall, Esq., and seconded by Sir Edward Perrott, Bart. Mr. Chapman having briefly acknowledged the compliment, the proceedings terminated.

#### A KISS.

THERE are so many things in life  
Made up of love and sweetness,  
And yet a kiss transcends them all  
And fills it to completeness.  
The precious baby learns so soon  
The wondrous art of kissing;  
Without it what would children do?  
Their joys would all be missing.

For childhood demonstrates its love  
By twining arms and kisses,  
While roguish boys no naturally  
Kiss dainty little misses.  
Life's sweetest drop lies in a kiss,  
And sparkles in its fleetness;  
Such pressures linger long and fill  
Life up to its completeness. A. W.

#### A LITTLE FABLE.

THE sword of the warrior was taken down to brighten; it had not been long out of use. The rust was rubbed, but there were spots that would not go; they were of blood.

The pen took advantage of the first breath of air to move further off.

"Thou art right," said the sword; "I am a bad neighbour."

"I fear thee not," said the pen; "for I am more powerful than thou art; but I love not thy society."

"I exterminate," said the sword.

"And I perpetuate," replied the pen. "Where are thy victories if I record them not? Even where thou shalt one day be—buried in the lake of oblivion. Beneath the rule of men entirely great, the pen is mightier than the sword."

#### A TALENT FOR WORK.

THE true worker understands the importance of rest, and rarely overtaxes himself; consequently he can work only at particular seasons and in particular moods. His mind is like a horse running loose in the pasture, and he cannot always catch it; at least it will take some time to bring it up and put it in harness. Now it is evident that a man can do nothing in twenty minutes, if it takes him half an hour to get his mind at work. But the true worker has

his powers always at command. In any odd fifteen minutes he can do a full quarter hour's work. These fragments of time count up in the long run. The gift of work must be accompanied with the gift of resting.

To get the most out of a team of horses, not only must they be pushed hard when under harness, but between work hours they must be unharnessed, rubbed down, and made most comfortable.

Some men manage their minds in so bad a way as to leave the harness on over night. They worry over their work during the intervals of labour, so that when they come back to their toil they are half exhausted before they begin. But the noted workers are those who in intervals of toil take things most easily. Such a one, when the work is over, drops his task and unharnesses his mind. Then, when again called to his work, he can put his whole strength in it.

#### KEEP THEM AT HOME.

FARMERS need their boys' assistance on the farm, and therefore should endeavour to keep them at home. Surround them with pleasant influences. It does not require a heavy expenditure of money. Intelligent economy is better than ignorance with waste. First, the farmers' home and its surroundings should be made complete. An ornamental garden and a neatly planted door-yard should hold a prominent place in making these provisions.

There is no reason why every farmhouse should not have its well laid out garden. A tree planted by a father's hand and given to a son, perhaps upon his birthday, may stamp an impression on his mind that time can never obliterate. A beautiful flower garden, which the daughters can care for and cultivate, may have an influence in forming their tastes and future character, the value of which is difficult to estimate. No rose so sweet, no fruit so delicious, as that we plucked in our youth. Other flowers may bloom on life's pathway, but a mother's nor a sister's gentle hand did not plant and culture them.

Without suggesting expensive outlays, without considering the dwellings and surroundings of the rich, yet it is the abode of the farmer of small means, the humble cottage, that needs to be decorated and surrounded with an air of neatness and taste. Therefore, if you would keep your children with you, foster in them every rural taste and rural study. Help and encourage those who like the culture of flowers. Facilitate experiments on the farm and in the garden. Provide every assistance to those who have a taste for natural sciences. And, above all, provide them with plenty of books and newspapers.

#### SEVEN BORN FOOLS.

1. The angry man—who sets his own house on fire that he may burn his neighbour's.
2. The envious man—who cannot enjoy life because others do.
3. The robber—who, for the consideration of a few pounds, gives the world permission to hang him.
4. The hypochondriac—whose highest happiness consists in that of rendering himself miserable.
5. The jealous man—who poisons his own banquet and then eats of it.
6. The miser—who starves himself to death in order that his heirs may feast.
7. The slanderer—who tells tales for the sake of giving his enemies an opportunity of proving him a liar.

#### "I F."

"If wishes were horses, beggars could ride," says the old adage; and to the enlightened it contains a mine of wisdom. It is a word which can easily be dispensed with on almost all oc-



casions; but a particularly useless class of "ifs" are those that look back regretfully. The past is unalterable, and its chief value lies in the fact that it forms a storehouse of experience, from which the wise will draw inspirations of hope, and learn lessons of prudence for the future. It is a perfectly vain proceeding to glance painfully behind, and, with a dolorous shake of the head, cry:

"If only So-and-so had done such or such a thing, something would have turned out quite differently."

The reflection may be true; but it is idle to speculate on what might have happened if events had taken a course which, as a matter of fact, they did not take, and it is too late now to talk about and bemoan. A class of "ifs" which certainly might be omitted altogether from the conversation are those irritating ones which begin thus:

"If you had only taken my advice, all would have been well."

Those who patronise an "if" of this class are either very empty or weak-minded people. The remark is impertinent in every sense; it has no practical relation to the actual state of affairs, and it needlessly insults the victim of disappointment to whom it is addressed. Viewed from all sides, this little word is superfluous except as regards the future.

### BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

THE perceptive faculty of women is usually keener than the same phrenological organ in man. Woman knows, or strongly believes, that beauty rather than genius is worshipped by the sterner sex. A man may talk of the latter to his lady-love, but the keenness of the woman knows he is thinking of the former in his heart. Women have an innate desire to please their beaux. They are fond of admiration, hence one of their longings is to be beautiful; to be called pretty, handsome. The grand secret of female beauty is health; the secret of health is the power, the appetite to eat, digest and assimilate a proper quantity of wholesome food; yet, in connection with this there is something more important—active exercise, which will cleanse and tone the vital organs, gain a perfect digestion, purify the blood, clear the complexion and produce a state of mental and physical electricity, which gives symmetry of form, bright eyes, white skin and glossy hair, the last a genuine type of female beauty and loveliness which no cosmetic can ever produce.

### CHINESE FORTUNE-TELLERS.

THESE men carry on their profession in the streets of the city wherever there is the least available space. A mat is spread on the ground with a stick at each corner, around which a strip of cloth is cast to form an inclosure for the fortune-teller and his hen—kept in a small bamboo cage. By his side is an open box containing a number of very small rolls of paper, with sentences or single characters written on them. In front of him is a long row of sixty or more small pasteboard envelopes, which also hold single characters of divination sentences. A little board painted white, for writing on, and the ink-stone and pencil are at hand and ready for use.

An inquirer who wants to consult him squats down on his heels outside the inclosure, pays three cash (half a farthing), and tells his story, stating what he wishes to know. He is told to pick out a roll from the box, which having been done, he hands it to the man, who unrolls it and writes its contents on the board. The door of the cage is then opened, and the hen marches forward to the rows of envelopes; after peering over them inquisitively, she picks out one and lets it fall to the ground. A few grains of rice are put into the cage, and she returns. The envelope is opened, and the contents also written down; from these two inscriptions the consultant's prospects are announced. The hen is regarded as the arbiter of fate, incapable of

mortal motive in the selection of the roll, and is, therefore, supposed to give the decree of fate, without any possibility of collusion or misrepresentation of any kind.

### CIVILITY AND CEREMONY.

NOTHING is more honourable and pleasant than civility, and nothing more ridiculous and burdensome than ceremony. Civility teaches us to behave with proportional respect to every one, according as their rank requires and their merits demand. In other words, civility is the science of men of the world. A person of good address, who conducts herself with due circumspection, conciliates the love and esteem of society, because every one finds herself at ease in her company; but a ceremonious woman is the plague of her acquaintance. Such a one requires too much attention to be a pleasant associate; is too seldom satisfied with what is paid her, and every moment feels her pride hurt by the want of some frivolous etiquette. You cannot be too formal to her, nor can she dispense with her formalities to others. In short, ceremony was invented by pride, to harass us with puerile solicitudes which we should blush to be conversant with.

### LOVE'S SACRIFICES.

LOVE is never indolent; it is always ready for toil and self-sacrifice. Look within your heart and see if this is not true. If you love anyone truly and deeply, the cry of your heart is to spend and be spent in the loved one's service. Love would die if it could not benefit. Its keenest suffering is met when it finds itself unable to assist. What man can see the woman he loved lack anything, and be unable to give it to her and not suffer? Why, love makes one a slave! It toils night and day, refusing all wages and all reward save the smile of the one unto whom it is bound, in whose service it finds delight, at whose feet it alone discovers its haven.

There is no danger that language can be too strong or too fervently used to portray the services of love. By cradle and couch, by sick-bed and coffin, in hut and palace, the ministries of love are being wrought. The eyes of all behold them; the hearts of all are moved by the spectacle.

### PHYSICAL EDUCATION FOR GIRLS.

IN these days, when so many women are engaging in intellectual pursuits of a high character, and even are desirous of competing with men in the cares and anxieties of professional life, the question of their physical training ought to receive more attention than it has hitherto done. In this respect girls stand at a great disadvantage as compared with boys. Up to a certain age, say eight or nine, a girl mixes often on equal terms with her brother in his sports, indeed not unfrequently excels him both in skill and spirit, but after that age healthy exercise is sacrificed to the bondage of genteel deportment.

The growing child is confined with stays, and her feet crippled with tight boots. Anything like vigorous muscular movements are thus rendered impossible, and the sole exercise is the torpid regulation walk. Owing to this want of functional activity of the muscular system the muscles waste and dwindle, and the nutrition of the body becomes impaired. Many of the troubles women suffer from in later life are undoubtedly due to impaired muscular vigour, and much suffering would be spared if proper attention were paid in early life to their physical development by a course of systematic training. We do not mean that our daughters should emulate their brothers in the cricket field, or that female athleticism should become the vogue.

But we would point out to parents and managers of schools the danger entailed by the pre-

sent neglect of exercise, and indicates the games that could be most easily adopted. Thus fives, rackets, and lawn tennis are games for which no great space is required; the latter game might be taught systematically, just as cricket is to boys at public schools. To play these games with safety, however, stays and tight boots must be altogether discarded. Swimming, too, ought to be taught at all girls' schools, not merely because of the protection it affords, but also from its being in itself an admirable exercise, bringing into play all the muscles of the body.

## THE LOVE PACT.

### CHAPTER XLVI.

Men who walked the earth  
Beneath the curse of Cain,  
With crimson clouds before their eyes  
And blood upon their brain. HOON.

HUGH MOSTYN and Georges Grandet had agreed, at the conclusion of the altercation between the Marquis D'Aubrión and Jacques Cochart, that they would not if possible allow the notary to escape them, but would follow closely upon his trail whithersoever he might go.

The young men were both convinced of the Marquis D'Aubrión's innocence of any such terrible crime as that of which the marchioness had accused him.

Yet, putting together the facts that he had evidently visited Suncross immediately after the abduction of Eugénie by some other individual, and that she was clearly an object of great if mysterious interest to the marquis, the evidence seemed strong that the abductor was but the instrument of the old noble in the seizure of the unprotected girl.

Who then was that instrument?

Who more likely than Jacques Cochart, who, as Georges knew, had been admitted most intimately to the confidence of the marquis.

By the falling out of conspirators truth and goodness are sometimes well served, and the quarrel between the notary and his employer might reveal the clue which Hugh Mostyn desired to gain.

The young men reached the moat soon after Cochart's escape from the marquis's men. The notary was still in sight and they followed him cautiously to the station and, keeping out of sight, entered another carriage when the train drew up.

The notary was too much blinded by rage and pain to preserve his usual lynx-eyed vigilance and had not detected that he was pursued.

But during his several visits to the restaurant and elsewhere at the town nearest the Moulin d'Or he accidentally eluded their watch.

Hence it was that Mostyn and Grandet had to make many inquiries and consume much time before they got fairly again on the notary's track.

Night was falling fast when they passed the solitary spot where the miserable Kesterton was done to death and no sight or sound apprized the two friends that they were passing the scene where a recent tragedy had been enacted.

At last all trace of the notary was lost. The few wayfarers or the inhabitants of the sparsely distributed cottages could give but little information, and as the night fell with the blackness of tempest clouds the young men were obliged to acknowledge sorrowfully that their quarry had escaped them.

But the imperious wants of frail humanity demanded attention. Rest and food were essential.

A waggoner whom they met directed them, as the only available shelter, to the Moulin d'Or.

He added some words of caution, for the Corbeaux were little esteemed by the country side; but the patois which he used was not intelligible either to the Englishman or the Parisian.

They therefore pushed off resolutely for the bourne which offered at least shelter from the inclemency of the frowning skies.

Meanwhile Cochart had arrived at the mill.

The terrible passion which had possessed him since his degradation at the hands of the marquis's servants had increased tenfold since his own last fatal deed.

The terror of the lurid lustre—the crimson mist which had seemed to float visibly before his blood-shot eyes had become intensified.

To his biting contempt for his fellow man was now added a vindictive hate for which he himself was unable to account.

The one death he had caused had created a strange desire—a gnawing appetite to slay others; or if he stayed his hand at that ultimate crime he longed to torture, to crush, to abuse utterly.

"Aha! aha!" he growled as he reached the mill. "Aha! aha! The girl—the girl!—my slave! What else?"

Hope deferred had made the hapless Eugénie heart-sick, and the reaction from her expectation of rescue or of hearing that her beloved was still alive had prostrated the stricken girl and left her in a condition of utter misery and helplessness which touched even the stony heart of Mère Corbeau.

The son had whispered words of encouragement through the boards to Eugénie—he had promised to stand by her loyally in any coming trial; but the assurances seemed ineffective to inspire courage in the breast of the imprisoned girl.

Her terrors culminated into an hysterical passion of fear when she heard the harsh voice of Cochart below, rendered trebly dissonant by his excitement.

Angry tones and fierce imprecations soon told her that the notary and young Corbeau were quarrelling.

Suddenly a loud knocking came at the outer door. The altercation ceased and Eugénie became aware, from the increased hum of voices, that strangers had arrived.

Who could they be? Some villainous accomplices of her abductor or the Corbeaus perhaps.

The unfortunate girl took out her little manual of devotions and strove to gain calm and courage for the trials which she feared awaited her.

The newcomers were Hugh Mostyn and Georges Grandet.

Cochart recognised the voice of the Parisian immediately, and, telling Madame Corbeau to receive the visitors with hospitality, beckoned Marcel to follow him and left the room.

The young men could learn nothing of Cochart from the miller's wife, but requested refreshments and to be permitted to pass the night at the mill, promising in return good remuneration.

As the woman was hesitating in her reply Marcel entered and agreed with a semblance of rough but hearty welcome.

Unsuspecting of danger, the two young men made a hearty meal of the plain viands set before them, drank each a cup of excellent coffee and requested to be shown their resting-place.

Marcel led the way to a small room still rudier in appearance than Eugénie's dungeon, in which was a truckle bed, and left them to their repose.

At last André appeared to sullenly acquiesce in the wishes of his father and the notary.

The elder man had a few moments' further conversation with Cochart in a whisper, of which only one sentence was audible—save to him to whom it was addressed:

Hugh was too old a campaigner to be forgetful of precautions and he slid the rusty bolt of the door into its socket with great care, and then the tired travellers sought their rest.

Meanwhile Cochart and the two male Corbeaus were in deep and animated colloquy—the young miller betraying a rebellious spirit which only the stern commands of old Corbeau was able to quell.

"Yes, give me the gold and I and the old woman will be off. Mille tonnerres! I'm not going to risk the guillotine or the galleries in my old age for anybody. No, no. If you want to make cold meat of anyone I'm not in it. André may stop. Pay the cub well and he'll be faithful and useful, and a young fellow shouldn't mind risking his neck for business, though we old birds like to be able to shake our heads without their falling off."

And with this ghastly allusion to the guillotine and heartless mention of his son Marcel went to his wife, subsequently proceeding to the stable and putting a horse to in his rude cart, in which he and his wife soon after drove off from the mill, despite the threatening sky and the bleak wind which howled over the arid wastes around.

Meanwhile Jacques Cochart had demanded of André certain tools and implements, which the young man brought to him one by one slowly and sullenly.

The notary took off his heavy shoes and stepped cautiously to the door of the room where the young men were sleeping.

At the same instant the mill wheel began to rotate and the machinery to move, it having been started by André under Cochart's orders.

The notary selected several strong pieces of timber from those which the young miller had brought him.

He placed one across the outside of the door, which opened in that direction, then, with fingers made dexterous by his diabolical instincts, he bored several holes at each end with an old rusty gimlet and, inserting some long spike nails, proceeded to drive them home into each of the door-posts by blows of a heavy hammer—thus fixing the plank across the door.

So sound was the sleep of the men within that, except a few inarticulate murmurs, they gave no sign of being disturbed.

Perhaps the excellence of Madame Corbeau's coffee might have accounted for this deep somnolence.

Four of these planks did Cochart laboriously fix, then he went outside and similarly secured the little casement.

On the ears of Eugénie far above the sound of some of the sharp hammer blows fell dully, but the clunk and whirr of the mill and her own sad preoccupation hindered her from noting them, and no subtle instinct taught her that the man she loved, after being captive in the recesses of the earth, lay now in a dungeon more fatal in the same degree as evil man is a foe more to be dreaded than even convulsed nature.

Despite the entreaties and threats of the notary, young Corbeau had refused to assist in the nailing up of the means of escape for Hugh and Georges.

But Cochart pursued his purpose with dogged pertinacity, and when the task was finally accomplished made his way to a portion of the mill adjacent to the bedroom of the doomed men.

Here he removed with great care a small piece of the partition between with a chisel.

His next procedure was very remarkable. André had brought at his command a small unused brazier somewhat like the portable furnace employed by tinkers.

Cochart filled this with glowing embers from the hearth in the living-room and placed an old shovel thereon.

Then he proceeded to cautiously amalgamate some powders and a liquid produced from paper packets and a glass-stoppered bottle.

This moist mass he placed on the already heated shovel over the brazier.

Then over the mixture he inverted a large old tin funnel, the tube of which he had bent to an angle.

The nozzle of this tube entered through the hole in the partition the sleeping-room of Hugh Mostyn and Georges Grandet.

Presently a strange greenish vapour began to creep up the funnel and even curl round its margin into the room.

A curious, faint, unpleasant odour filled the air, and Cochart, who had incautiously inhaled some of the sickly-looking fumes, started back in terror and broke into a heavy fit of coughing.

"Good!" he cried, when the paroxysm had subsided. "Sacre! this is glorious! What handsome young men we were—so handsome, so strong, so brave! Aha! we shall not look beautiful presently. No, no! When the sharp, corroding gas clutches our dainty throats and eats away heart and lungs with its slow, sure tooth—ha! ha!—as the vapour gnaws their vitals with its venom fangs—how they will writhel! How glorious it would be to see them die! But there isn't time! What a pity there isn't time for it. I must deny myself some of my little luxuries. Ah, bah! a man can't enjoy every pleasure under the sun. They take time. But I have one still more exquisite to gratify now. One!—oh, no—many. Love! yes, that's first, and hate—hate because she loathes me, and the desire of power, for isn't she mine as safe as a pretty gilded fly in a spider's web? Ah! But I need not be so hasty about that pleasure. Only before day-break the girl too must be able to tell no tales—nor that lot of a miller either. Then to-morrow for my marquis and Hélène."

The notary's ugly face became transformed as he concluded his vile soliloquy into the likeness of the visage which the fiend of the pit might have worn.

But the room had already begun to receive more than vapour rings of the deadly gas which was pouring its main stream into the next chamber, and the notary beat a hasty retreat.

On leaving the scene of his diabolical laboratory the old villain proceeded to ascend the stairs towards Eugénie's prison.

He had been anticipated.

Denuded of his heavy sabots young Corbeau had made his way thither while the notary was busy with his chemicals.

Mère Corbeau had left the key in the outside of the door in readiness for Cochart's entry and André at once unlocked it and entered.

At sight of the intruder with his pale face and excited eyes Eugénie gave a little cry.

"Silence, mademoiselle!" said the young man. "I come to save you if possible. Silence and courage. Here, taste this. It isn't poison. Look!"

He drew a small flask from a pocket in the breast of his blouse and put it to his own lips first, then extended it towards the girl.

Eugénie hesitated.

"Don't be foolish. Drink and drink well. It is good old wine, and I'll promise you you'll need it. That old ruffian is here—mad, or drunk, or devilish. Crime and atrocity beam in his baleful, snaky eyes. I'll try to save you from him, even at my own risk; but you must be brave and strong. Drink I say!"

With some repugnance Eugénie put the flask to her lips. But at the first sips the generous liquor gave warmth to her heart and blood and courage to her spirits, and she took a fuller draught.

"Good! That's something like a plucky girl," said André, corking the flask tightly and giving it back to Eugénie. "Here, put this in your pocket and these cakes," and he handed her a small paper parcel of galette. "There's no time to eat them now. I'll let you out—you mustn't fear the darkness or cold—and then you take the road to the right, which will lead you to the forest. Stand or sit behind the first tree trunk on the right and I'll soon join you when I've spoiled that scoundrel's other game here. Then I'll take you to the cottage of my sweetheart's father, and my darling Margot will cherish you kindly till we can send your friends word."

Eugénie would have broken out into passionate thanks, but suddenly André's face assumed a frightened expression and he placed his finger warningly upon his lips.

"Ten thousand fiends!" he whispered. "We



are too late! He is come! Quick! This way!"

And he seized the girl's hand and led her out of the room and into a small dark space, the heavy door of which he at once shut closely and drew some massive pieces of broken mill gear against it.

Eugénie stood beside him in the darkness, her heart beating violently and her breath coming in quick, short gasps.

André pressed her hand reassuringly.

"Be brave!" he whispered. "All is not yet lost!"

They could hear Cochart enter the chamber they had just vacated and his savage denunciations when he found that it was untenanted.

Presently he came out again, foaming with impotent rage.

At that instant one of the heavy wheels which André had heaped up against the door slipped a little, and the sharp, metallic clang caught Cochart's ear.

"Aha!" he yelled. "I see! It is thou, scélérat, infernal villain of a miller's brat! Thou hast forsooth the audacity to cross me!—to steal my white dove—my mate! Come out, or I will cut thy throat!"

No response.

Cochart threw himself violently at the door. Passion gave him strength, but his meagre frame lacked the momentum needed to move the weight inside.

"Accursed galley slave!" he shouted. "I have other means. Bring the girl out at once or both shall die! I will put a bullet through the door after I have counted three."

He drew a revolver from his pocket and cocked it.

The slight sound struck on the accustomed ear of the young poacher.

"Tonnère!" he muttered. "We'll not die like trapped rats. No, no. Now for all your pluck, little one," he continued to Eugénie. "Take another drink. Are your wrists strong? Are you brave enough to risk death for liberty?"

"Yes, yes—anything to escape that terrible old man."

"Good!" said André, beginning to move some heavy chain. "There is but one alternative. We can't get out by any other way than the door, which that skeleton guards. You must go down by the sack chain, I can let you down easily."

For a moment the girl shuddered with overwhelming terror, then she whispered:

"What you will—anything—death itself—to escape that man! Quick!"

"One—two—three!" came slowly meanwhile from the door.

At the last word there was a loud report and a bullet struck the wall beside André.

"Curse you, old man!" he shouted. "Drop that. Can't you hear me moving away the iron to come out? Do you expect a man to move a ton of iron in two seconds?"

Cochart did not fire again. The rattling of the iron chain lent colour to young Corbeau's words.

André hastily adjusted the chain around the girl with as much precaution against injury to her as the darkness would permit.

The next moment Eugénie felt herself launched into space and rapidly descending earthward through the thick mirk of the gloomy night.

André lowered her gently, yet the wind swayed the girl's light form to and fro in a perilous swinging, which even threatened to dash her against the old timber walls of the mill.

She had descended more than half the distance when three shots were heard in rapid succession, followed by a cracking of wood.

The regular sound of the unwinding chain had aroused the notary's suspicions. The light of his lantern now showed him that some parts of the stout oaken partition which divided him from his prey were worm-eaten.

He fired three rapid shots in a circular direction at that portion of the woodwork which appeared most fragile.

Then, ere even the smoke had cleared away, he hurled himself at the partition violently.

The boards gave way at the furious onset and Cochart stumbled into the sackroom.

By the light of the lantern which he still bore in his left hand he discerned André.

Alarmed by the three bullets which had whistled over his head, the young miller had momentarily intermitted his task of lowering Eugénie, who still swung to and fro far below.

Ere he could resume a grip of bony fingers was on his throat, the cold rim of a pistol barrel pressed to his forehead!

## CHAPTER XLIV.

We have no choice.  
Our orders are the most peremptory  
That to the dungeon—maybe to the gibbet—  
We have these hence. DRYDEN.

A DEEP gloom hung once again over the proud mansions of Mostyn and D'Aubion.

Anxiety on his son's account rendered Lord Thanet even more acutely wretched now than either when that son was extended on the hospital pallet or imprisoned in the depths of earth.

Some presentiment seemed to whisper to the old man:

"Twice he has been restored to thee from the grave. The errand on which he is now bent had never been required but for thine indomitable pride. From this—the third ordeal—he will return to thee nevermore!"

The danger this time was that which cannot be guarded against—the bitter hate and vengeful feeling of unscrupulous men.

It was therefore with feelings of much relief that the earl found Wilmer decided to follow Hugh without delay.

The old earl did not oppose any obstacle to his desire, and Wilmer, first obtaining a secret interview with Lady Adeline Vavassour, which proved to the full as satisfactory as the last, started on the track of Captain Mostyn the day following the young soldier's own departure.

He would have preferred to stay until later in the week, as a sister of his mother, who had been many years in the colonies, was to arrive for a visit.

Yet, much as Robert desired to see and receive his aunt, his loyalty to Hugh Mostyn and his anxiety respecting Eugénie decided him to proceed on his journey without delay.

Several days afterward an incident occurred which, although apparently trivial in itself, seemed greatly to arouse Lord Thanet from his apprehension and anxiety.

During the afternoon Earl Thanet learned that Mrs. Wilmer had come up to the Manor and wished to see him.

The old noble accorded the interview and received Mrs. Wilmer with his accustomed urbanity.

She was accompanied by a woman some few years younger than herself, but whose likeness to her was unmistakable.

This was Mrs. Sands, the aunt of Robert Wilmer.

The interview was a very long one, and the butler noticed when the earl rang for him that he might bring up a bottle of port of a very special and choice bin that the old man was greatly excited.

The same fact struck the Ladies Vavassour and the servants at the Manor the next day and strongly aroused their curiosity, which sensation was not lessened when on the following morning Lord Thanet left Mostyn for France, and it was announced as certain that he was accompanied on the journey by Mrs. Wilmer and Mrs. Sands.

Leaving their fortunes for the present, let us turn to the precincts of the Château D'Aubion.

The condition of the marquis when the depression of an almost hopeless despair succeeded to the passionate outburst which Cochart had evoked, and by which he had been punished, was pitiable.

He presented now the appearance of a man

broken not only in fortunes but in spirit—lost even to the proper fortitude which leads a man to behave under danger and trial with becoming courage.

Not upon his own account however did the crewlike haughty old aristocrat's sorrow.

He believed his action had been just and wise and would for himself have endured the extremes of human misery uncomplainingly.

No. It was on account of his wife and Hélène.

That they should be driven to leave their stately halls to take refuge in obscure poverty was a thought almost maddening.

And he had been the cause of the misfortune. His blind folly in trusting the specious promises of the notary had led to this inevitable end.

To the marquis's excited fancy the refusal of Hugh Mostyn to fulfil his part in the olden compact by espousing Hélène was the first indication of the humiliation which awaited the ruined D'Aubion house at the hands of a cruel world.

As the son of his old friend had failed him so would all other friends fail in the hour of trial.

There was yet another cause for sorrow, with which feeling a strange sentiment of wonder was mixed.

The anxious regret was caused by the mysterious disappearance of Eugénie from her English home.

Hugh Mostyn's avowal of his love for the Norman maiden had at once convinced the marquis that Georges Grandet could not have been her abductor.

On the contrary, he would naturally desire that Eugénie should be restored to Hugh in order that the latter might relinquish his claim on Hélène.

Then the suspicions of the marquis turned with the irresistible force of conviction upon Jacques Cochart, and he regretted bitterly that the abrupt departure of Hugh Mostyn in pursuit of the notary had prevented the young man from describing the appearance of the person with whom Eugénie had quitted Sancerre.

But the omission was made good on the day of the visit of Hugh Mostyn and Georges Grandet to D'Aubion.

Robert Wilmer was aware that the captain's first visit would be to the old chateau, and, in the hope of still finding him there, the Yorkshireman also directed his journey thither, but, having made no delay at Paris, as Hugh Mostyn had done in looking up Georges, the engineer reached D'Aubion some hours later than and after the departure of the two friends.

Wilmer's stay at the chateau was very brief, but during that time the marquis extracted from him a description of the abductor which confirmed his worst fears.

It was undoubtedly Cochart. What then was his object?

To compass more surely the ruin of his patron's house and what not of wrong to the girl herself.

The intense anguish which wrung the marquis's mind at the latter thought showed clearly that the interest he had evinced in the Norman girl was one of strong affection.

When Wilmer left the chateau the old noble shut himself up in his study and refused peremptorily to permit Hélène to enter. Through the slow, sorrowful hours of the evening and night the old man sat there without tasting food or closing his eyes for slumber, a prey to remorse and utter misery.

More than once he had risen from his seat and taken from an old oaken press where he kept many treasured relics of earlier and happier years a long, flat mahogany box.

It was his case of duelling pistols. But the feeling which had led him to produce these instruments of death was not that proud courage which enables a man to face unflinchingly alike the foe's frowning eyes and the muzzle of his weapon.

For his present purpose with them was not vengeance upon others but their possible use as his own refuge from a "sea of troubles," against



[THE HOUR OF NEED.]

whose overwhelming, hungry tide the old man felt himself powerless to struggle.

The marquis unlocked the box, and, raising one of the pistols, looked over it with the loving admiration which the soldier feels for the weapon which has stood him in good stead when life has been the stake played for.

Then he proceeded to load it carefully and deliberately.

A slight metallic sound caused by the butt of the pistol he was operating upon having touched the barrel of the other revealed to the old man that his movements were not unnoticed.

Immediately following upon the sound came the suppressed shriek of a woman from the corridor beyond. The voice was that of Hélène D'Aubrión.

Devoured by loving anxiety on behalf of the father so dear to her the faithful girl had left her chamber at early morn and stood silent and motionless as a statue of marble at the study door, hopeful each moment that the drear silence within might be broken by some reassuring sound or tone, or, better still, that her sire should issue forth that she might pray with the passionate earnestness of love for parental forgiveness.

But to her, a soldier's daughter, the slight noise which her quick ear now caught was ominous of direst ill.

Surely her father meditated the death of a real or fancied foe—or, more terrible still, his own.

Yes, his own, for she knew well that, like the Roman warriors of olden days, the soldier to avoid dishonour must be even ready to face death—even that self-inflicted.

"Mon père," she said, softly, but with an indescribable pathos, "open the door to me—your own Hélène, the little daughter you have ever loved so dearly."

No response came from the chamber, but the marquis momentarily intermitted his self-imposed task.

"Father!" cried the girl again, her voice

rising to an agonised wail. "Forgive me and let me once more see thy loved and honoured face. Who but I, thy daughter, should stand by thy side in the dark hour when trouble lowers over our house? Let me in! I will be brave as thy child cannot help but be!"

Silence still!

"Have mercy upon me, my father! What would I not do for thy sake? The dearest wishes of my heart shall be laid as a free offering at thy feet. Only let me see thee—hear thee speak, and, speaking, forgive me if I have been in aught undutiful!"

An unusual sound of altercation in the lower part of the mansion struck on the girl's ear.

Heavens! Had the wretched Cochart returned? If so would it not accelerate her father's fatal deed, whether the pistol should be turned to an enemy's breast or his own brow?

The tread of heavy feet fell upon the polished stairs—nearer—and yet nearer.

Then two gendarmes appeared in the corridor, while a little knot of pale-faced, frightened servitors hung on their rear.

The girl drew up before the door of her father's room rigid with a new terror, yet facing the intruders with the dauntless courage of a young lioness defending her cubs.

Both men made a military salute. They knew the peerless beauty well by sight and name, and yielded her involuntary homage, their grim, stern features wearing meanwhile a sad expression.

But they knew now instinctively the lair of their quarry. Where the young lioness stood thus defiant the old wounded, helpless forest king could not be far away.

One of the men moved Hélène aside with respectful force and the other smote the heavy oaken door with the hilt of his sabre smartly.

"Come forth, Monsieur le Colonel, Marquis D'Aubrión and Sieur de Vismes. In the name of the Emperor, yield yourself our prisoner!"

At that moment the horror-stricken Hélène

felt with an indescribable agony that a pistol shot would ring out and a dead man—her father—be the only occupant of that still room.

But Hélène had mistaken the spirit of the proud old man.

He would not seek refuge in death for such imminent peril.

Rather his spirits rose now that the worst had come.

The key was turned in the lock, the heavy door thrown open.

Very pale, very worn and haggard, yet with set lips and steady eye, the old noble faced the gendarmes.

They saluted him as they had done Hélène.

"Your business with me, gentlemen, is—"

"To arrest you, Monsieur le Colonel," replied the principal gendarme, regretfully.

"On what charge?"

"That of murder!"

"At whose instigation?"

"On the sworn information of the notary, Jacques Cochart."

Hélène threw herself on her father's neck in a passion of tears.

The old man kissed her tenderly on neck and brow.

"Be comforted, my cherished one. All shall yet be well. Sustain thy dear mother in this—"

A woman with wildly staring eyes and dishevelled grey hair, and in disordered attire, rushed through the crowd of servants.

It was the marchioness.

"Edouard, speak to me! What means this?" she shrieked.

The old man shook his head sadly.

"Monsieur is arrested on a charge of having murdered a Norman girl named Eugénie, Madame la Marquise," said one of the gendarmes, respectfully.

"Edouard, my husband, I have slain thee!—I, thy wife!" sobbed the marchioness and fell fainting into the arms of Hélène.

(To be Continued.)





[THE HUT IN THE BUSH.]

## THE LORD OF STRATHMERE; OR, THE HIDDEN CRIME.

### CHAPTER XXII.

Still, in these long, slender lanes of light  
Mark what a terrible turmoil of fight.

At the utterance of his name by good old Dr. Marsh, Black Tom glared upon the two Englishmen in a mingled fury and hatred.

He had retreated to the door in his first swift recoil at recognition of our hero, and now stood like some wild beast turned at bay, and ready to spring.

"Black Tom, of the convict mutineers," repeated the old doctor. "Why, he was sentenced to Norfolk Island. How is it you are free, my man, and here?"

He regarded his visitor in amazement.

Black Tom began to recover himself. He was nearly famished, having had but little food since his escape from Sydney, and that little having been only such as he could gather from the garden of some farmer or squatter at night during his wanderings.

He had eaten raw vegetables, not having dared to kindle a fire; he had skulked in the bush throughout the days, or hidden under hay-ricks, and pursued his journey only under cover of darkness; he was like Cain, with a mark upon his forehead, his hand against every man, a fugitive and a wanderer upon the face of the earth.

He had come up to the hill region by a devious route, often doubling upon himself, and not since he had left Sydney had he spoken to a human being, or presented himself at the door of a human habitation.

He had managed to rid himself of his handcuffs before escaping from the prison.

His convict garb was stained and torn, but its character could not be concealed any more than his own character could be disguised.

Convict was written all over him, from his squat, shambling figure to his wild and desperate visage.

Hunger had driven him at last to ask alms. He had plodded on all day—for the first time showing himself to the daylight since his escape—and was wet and chilled to the bone.

After descending the ridge he had seen from afar the shuttered windows of this hut at Garra-Garra.

He had plodded on wearily, coming nearer and nearer.

That hut presented shelter, warmth, the rude comforts of the sheep-farmer, plenty of food.

No one could know him in this far region, he argued.

Sheep-farmers do not leave their homes sometimes for the period of a whole year.

No one would suspect his identity.

He would beg food and a night's rest, and resume his wanderings in the morning, flying to the hills.

And thus it happened that he had stalked into the hut, like an incarnation of the gloom and discomfort of the outer darkness.

His fury at meeting Chandos and the doctor was mingled with a sort of terror.

But his hunger made him ferocious as a tiger, conquering even his natural cowardice; he would not retreat.

"So you are here?" he growled, with a scowl of hatred at our hero. "You are living in clover, you miserable traitor, dressed like a gentleman, the swell-convict!"

"Stop!" you hound!" interrupted the old doctor, springing up, and towering above the intruder in a mighty indignation.

Black Tom beat a hasty retreat to the threshold.

He changed his tactics upon the moment.

Hunger and desperation made him resort to hypocrisy, under which his rage and hatred burned more furiously than ever.

"I beg pardon," he said, in a whine. "I am hungry and cold. I ask a night-lodgin' and something to eat."

"The night's lodging I cannot give under this roof," responded the doctor, coldly. "You can sleep outside, in one of the outbuildings. As to food, yes, you can have that. You escaped from gaol, I suppose?"

There was no use in denying the fact. Black Tom's silence gave assent.

"Go around to the kitchen," said the doctor. "The cook will give you food."

The fugitive muttered his thanks and beat a retreat, hurrying around to the kitchen. The doctor was there before him.

He directed Walla to give the ill-looking stranger a supply of food, and ordered Black Tom to take it outside for consumption.

The convict retired to the rear veranda, and ate his portion with the ravenousness of a wild beast.

When the pangs of hunger had been somewhat stilled, he ate more slowly, and frequently paused to shake his fist at the lighted windows, and mutter curses under his breath upon Ralph Chandos and the doctor, and to breathe vows of revenge.

"Oh, curse 'em!" he muttered, tearing his meat with his teeth, and make a growling noise. "Satan himself must have led me here. And now I am here, I'll pay off our swell-convict with usury. But for his rescue of those passengers, but for his escape, and so bringing down on us them ships-of-war, I should have been at this minute along with the boys, on some summer island, such as Parson Jim told us on, where things grow of themselves, and all any one has to do is to pick and eat. And now what am I? And where are the boys? I'm a fugitive, searched after, I don't doubt, and not sure of my liberty an hour ahead. Curse that swell convict! I'll pay him out before I leave this place!"

And again he shook his fist in the direction of the doctor's sitting-room.

While he thus gave expression to the frightful malignity of his nature, and planned a diabolical revenge in payment of his fancied injuries, the two Englishmen sat before their fire, and discussed the strangeness of his unexpected appearance and the course they ought to adopt to him.

"He has escaped from prison," said the doctor, "and I suppose that we ought to constitute ourselves special police officers and take him into custody and return him to Sydney. He's a dangerous person to be at large. But then," he added, reflectively, "I am an old man, and don't feel quite equal to the task of conveying him to prison. As for you're going, my dear boy, the more quiet you keep yourself the more likely you will be to escape the notice of the governor-general. If you return Sydney the chances are that Lord Strathmore will keep you there!"

"Yes," assented Chandos. "He dislikes me extremely. He thinks I have disgraced him."

The doctor smiled peculiarly.

"Your cousin, Lord Strathmore, is your bitter and relentless enemy, Chandos," he said, gravely.

"I know that also," replied our hero, quietly. "He never liked me; he hates me now."

The doctor opened his mouth as if to speak, and the expression of his countenance was significant, but he thought better of his impulse and was silent.

The shrewd old man had formed certain conclusions in regard to Lord Strathmore which approached very near to the truth, but as these conclusions were based upon suspicion only and not upon knowledge, he wisely forbore to impart them to his young companion.

"There is no use in unsettling Chandos's mind with my suspicions," he thought, "the more particularly as they are only suspicions. I must wait."

Chandos did not appear to notice the doctor's indecision, nor the expression of his countenance, and the latter presently said:

"It will be wiser to leave Black Tom to himself; to let him go as he came. Give a fellow like him rope enough, and he will always hang himself. He'll meet with his deserts, and we need not trouble ourselves about him. A dark and rainy night, Ralph," he added. "I do not think that our black friends will be about."

"Yet we had better keep watch," replied our hero. "I will stay on guard."

"All night? By no means. Turn in; my dear boy, at least until midnight. I am not sleepy, and your long walk tired you. I insist upon your lying down. As for me, I shall sit up in any case."

"I will turn in," said Chandos, "if you will promise to awaken me at midnight, so that I can watch till morning."

The doctor comprehended perfectly well that the blacks would probably make their attack after midnight, and that Chandos desired to appropriate to himself the more arduous portion of the night's duties, but he assented to the proposition, and Chandos "turned in" without undressing.

In five minutes our hero was asleep.

The doctor regarded him with an affectionate gaze. The noble head; the bare and massive throat; the face grave and stern even in sleep, with lines wrought by pain and rebelliousness at his fate stamped about the sorrowful mouth; the expression even now haggard and despairing; all made up a striking picture, and one that stirred the good old doctor to the very soul.

"Poor fellow!" he thought, with infinite tenderness. "Poor boy! When I die what will become of him? There's no hope for him—none! I think it would be well if he were to perish to-night at the hands of the blacks!" and the old man sighed.

The minutes wore on. The rain fell heavily upon the thatched roof; the wind now and then blew fiercely.

The doctor replenished his fire often, and the red light danced upon the floor and walls, leaving the sleeper in shadow.

It was nearly midnight, when Black Tom crept noiselessly upon the veranda and listened at the door.

The doctor's head had fallen forward on his breast, and his eyes were closed. But the prowler could not see into the room. He judged by the silence within, however, that the two men were asleep.

He tried the door. It was locked and barred. He slipped to the windows. They were guarded by heavy plank shutters, which were barred upon the inner side. No avenue to the sitting-room was unguarded. He crept around to the kitchen.

Walla, the black cook, habitually slept in a bunk off the latter room.

Used to a life in the bush, he had little regard for bolts and bars.

Garra-Garra was too remote from the cities to fear the depredations of midnight thieves, unless of the aboriginal kind, and long exemption from such attack had made the fellow careless.

But upon this night he had been warned that the hill-tribe were threatening an attack, and he had been ordered "to make all fast." The hunter had sat with him until after nine o'clock, and had then withdrawn to his outbuilding, and Walla had crept into his bunk.

About half-past eleven, when he had been sound asleep, he had been aroused by a low scratching sound upon his kitchen door. Being a light sleeper, he had started broad awake upon the instant.

The scratching sound had been repeated. He recognised it as a signal of his comrade, the hunter of the establishment.

He stole to the door, silently unbarred it, and peered out into the darkness.

As he expected, his comrade was outside.

"What is it?" whispered Walla, in his own peculiar tongue.

"The hill-tribe mean to make an attack to-night," said the hunter. "It is very dark. They may soon be here."

"Yes," replied Walla. "So the doctor said. Have you seen anything of the enemy?"

"No," said the hunter. "But our tribe is ready to help the white men. Wymeria has sent two score of men to help guard the flocks. And the chief, with more men, has come to Garra-Garra, to help in the defence. No need to tell the master yet. The hill-tribe may not come. The chief is outside. Come out and see him!"

Walla obeyed the summons, gliding out into the darkness.

He scarcely went twenty paces from the door.

The chief and several of his followers were in waiting under a big gum tree, and here they held conference.

Black Tom had not been aware of these proceedings, so noiselessly had they been conducted, and so preoccupied had he been in his own scheme of vengeance.

It had happened that he arrived at the kitchen-door within five minutes of Walla's egress. He tried the latch.

It lifted and the door swung upon its hinges. With a wild thrill of demoniac exultation the convict crept into the room.

His footfalls were noiseless on the dirt-floor.

The fire had gone out on the rude hearth. A long, lurid pencil of light stole through a crack in the door of the sitting-room, serving him as guide.

He stole towards it, then paused and listened.

All was still as death within the inner room. In the gloom the convict's eyes shone with a wild and demoniac light.

"Both asleep!" he said to himself. "I'll kill them both—course 'em!"

He put his hand to his waist instinctively. In his rude belt was a long dirk-knife, one he had stolen in Sydney upon the night of his escape.

He lifted the latch, opened the door very

softly and gradually, and peered with burning eyes into the sitting-room.

The fire was in full blaze; the red light danced on floor and wall.

The old doctor, with head drooping to his bosom, his long grey hair half-hiding his kindly old face, was unmistakably asleep.

And so, also, in his shadowed bunk was our hero.

Black Tom, seeming to gather his squat figure into a smaller compass, noiselessly crossed the floor, with dagger uplifted in his hand, stealthy, dark, terrible, his eyes fixed upon Chandos.

Some instinct of danger came to our hero in his sleep.

Without a preliminary movement, he opened his eyes to behold his enemy swooping down upon him with murder in his looks.

For one brief instant Chandos lay quite still, as if paralysed.

The next, he leaped from his berth with the bound of a tiger, and hurled himself upon his enemy like an avalanche.

Black Tom reeled backward under the suddenness of the onslaught.

Setting his teeth together, he made a blind thrust at Chandos with his knife, but missed his mark.

His knife was then struck from his grasp, and he received then and there such a pummeling as was likely to inspire him with respect for university-bred young men for ever after.

All his prowess—and he had been a graduate of the prize-ring—could not withstand the scientific blows of our hero.

The good old doctor opened his eyes in amazement upon the strange scene. His help was not required.

Chandos had his enemy at his mercy.

Black Tom had been fed and sheltered, and, like the serpent of the fable, had turned to sting the hand that had benefited him.

He was powerfully built, and as ferocious as a wild beast.

His fury and rage obscured his judgment, while Chandos, as cool as a January morning, dealt his sledge-hammer blows upon his bullet head, upon his swarthy face, and in his chest, just as each spot presented its claims to notice.

Five minutes of this warfare was enough for Black Tom.

He made a movement to retreat.

As he turned his back, presenting a new field for attack, Chandos applied his boot to him with a vigour that propelled him into the kitchen like a stone shot from a catapult. He landed upon the dirt floor in a shapeless heap, but gathered himself up, and shook his fist, and breathed an imprecation beside which all his previous curses were like baby's talk.

As Chandos made a movement toward him he hurriedly opened the door, staggering to the threshold, sore and bruised in every limb, bleeding and swollen, his one impulse was to get outside, and to hide somewhere until he should be himself again, and could carry out his schemes of revenge.

The blacks who had desired to confer with Walla had beaten a retreat to a little distance, taking the cook with them.

This movement had been made in consequence of the report of one of their sentinels that the "hill tribe" was close at hand, and that an attack upon the hut was to be made immediately.

The moment of Black Tom's egress was most inopportune.

The enemy had crept up to the shelter of the big gum tree, under which the rival tribe had so recently gathered.

They were like deeper shadows among shadows, watchful, alert and vengeful.

They were armed in savage style, with bows and poisoned arrows, and with their favourite waddies or boomerangs.

As Black Tom appeared upon the threshold, with the open door of the sitting-room behind him, and his figure thus outlined against a bright background, one of the enemy let fly a



poisoned arrow, which transfixed him with marvellous accuracy.

With a wild yell Black Tom gave a bound in the air, landing clear of the veranda and falling to the ground in horrible convulsions.

At the same instant Chandos shut the door of the kitchen, looked and barred it.

The movement was effected barely in time. The bolts and bars had scarcely been shot home when the enemy encircled the hut, making the night hideous with their yells. A perfect pandemonium ensued.

The doctor and Chandos prepared to defend themselves.

The noise was hushed as suddenly as it had arisen, but the succeeding stillness was more terrible.

"What next?" asked the doctor.

A dragging, heavy sound upon the veranda, and the falling of some massive object against the door, answered him.

The enemy had discovered a huge log of wood in the yard, and were about to apply it as a battering-ram.

With the first blow of this instrument against the door the old doctor turned pale.

"It's all up with us, Chandos!" he exclaimed. "The door, stout as it is, won't stand five minutes. Let us sell our lives as dearly as possible!"

## CHAPTER XXIII.

What shadows shall shape themselves  
Into substances, sombre and grim?

The convict mutineers of the ship "Clytemnestra" having been, with the exception of Black Tom, summarily punished, and aboriginal scouts having been set upon his trail, the new governor-general turned his thoughts again to love and marriage.

He had now been three months at Sydney, was extremely popular, and had exhibited in his official proceedings a zeal and discretion which stamped him as a man of more than ordinary ability, and which must win golden opinions in England.

All small complications had been straightened out; and a new era of prosperity had been entered upon.

He had devoted some time and attention to the reform of various convict abuses, and it was noticed that he bestowed marked attention upon the convict question.

He was not so lenient to the unfortunate exiles from England as certain of his predecessors had been, and won a reputation for being just to the last degree, inflexible in his convictions of right—a man who, without weaknesses himself, was inclined to be inexorable in his judgment of the criminal classes.

Ah, if those who so judged him could have seen into the depths of his black and guilty soul!

A criminal worse than any in the barracks, or at Norfolk Island—a murderer; a hypocrite; a base and diabolical schemer, having laid his own guilt upon an innocent man, who staggered under the hideous burden, while he walked smilingly, with head erect, in seeming innocence; the representative of royalty; the ruler of a great colony; the usurper of a great title and estates—such was Norman Brabazon, Lord Strathmere, Governor-General of New South Wales!

And yet no fear that justice might overtake him ever entered his mind.

He was safe, he sometimes thought exultantly; his desires were gratified—all save one—and that he should proceed to gratify without much further delay.

It was a bright sunny morning. Miss Pelham had gone out soon after breakfast for a walk, as was her morning custom.

Tired with her rambles, she had sat down at last in "Lady Macquarie's Chair," a natural seat in the side of a rock overhanging a romantic beach, which had been named from the wife of a former celebrated governor-general of New South Wales, the spot having been her favourite resort.

From her delightful outlook Miss Pelham could see the bright waters glittering in the sunshine, and the shipping, which even at that time was not inconsiderable.

A vessel had arrived only that morning from England, and she had left Lord Strathmere busy with his despatches and her father occupied with business letters from home.

His banking business had not suffered during his absence, his affairs in England were in every way prosperous, and Mr. Pelham was, consequently, in excellent spirits.

The young lady had received letters also from young lady friends, and had read them before coming out.

After surveying the beautiful scene spread before her eyes, she took out these missives and read them again and again.

How far away her former life in England seemed to her now!

How far away the happy days when she had been the betrothed wife of Ralph Chandos, the heir of a barony!

He was almost continually in her thoughts. It scarcely needed these letters from home to bring him to her mind.

She had not heard of or from him since receiving that one letter from Dr. Marsh, of which mention has been made.

To answer that letter had not been possible.

The doctor had given her no address beyond his sheep-station of Garra-Garra, and that was far beyond the reach of postal facilities.

"I thought when I was so eager to come out to Australia," she said to herself, "that I should see more of Ralph, that I should be able to mitigate his lot. I had dreams of taking a house with papa, and having Ralph assigned to us, and of then endeavouring to make his lot brighter and happier. But all my plans have been frustrated. Papa wouldn't listen to them. He likes staying at Government House, as Lord Strathmere's guest. The governor seems to have fascinated him. And he is so prejudiced against poor Ralph that I am powerless to help my poor boy. That which I would have been so glad to do, another is doing in my stead. Heaven bless dear, good Doctor Marsh! But of what good am I? What am I doing to clear up the mystery of old Lord Strathmere's murder?"

She looked out upon the waters with absent gaze, seeing nothing of the shipping or the gleaming waves.

"Papa insists upon my going to balls," she presently continued, "and one would think from my constant presence at every festivity that I am absorbed in gaieties and live only for them. But my whole thought is of Ralph. How shall I rescue him? Three precious months have gone; he is still a convict; and I am no nearer his rescue than on the day we landed. I have found out nothing. I think," she added, with sudden resolution, "that I ought to set some one at work for me in England. I ought to set some one upon the track of Thomas Crowl. He may not have been Lord Strathmere's murderer—but how did he come so suddenly into possession of money on the very day after the murder, when the day before he had none? Ralph says that Crowl was not his enemy, and that Crowl is not likely to have committed the murder. But I think that Crowl ought to show where he spent every hour of that fatal night. I will certainly write home by next mail and have some one set upon his track."

The sound of a measured tread near to her retreat caused her to look out.

She drew back abruptly, but not before she had been seen by Lord Strathmere, who approached her, smiling and self-assured, bowing courteously.

"I thought I should find you in your favourite nook, Miss Pelham," he observed, seating himself upon a bit of rock near at hand. "You make a lovely successor to Lady Macquarie. Her chair never held so dainty and beautiful a lady, I can safely guarantee."

"You flatter me," said the girl, blushing, and shrinking back with evident distaste.

"To flatter you would be impossible," declared Lord Strathmere, gallantly, and with sincerity. "No wonder you like this lonely

eyrie, Miss Pelham," and his keen gaze swept the scene with appreciation. "Australia has its own charms. I could live here for a decade, I think, without homesickness, although, of course, England offers opportunities to a man of my ambition which will lead me homeward much sooner than that."

Miss Pelham was silent.

"I have planned an excursion to Botany tomorrow," said the governor, after a brief pause. "Mr. Pelham has promised your attendance. With all our festivities you do not get a chance to be homesick; is it not so?"

"I do not wish myself in England," answered Miss Pelham, gravely, thinking of Ralph Chandos.

Lord Strathmere's swarthy face lighted up with a swift glow. His small black eyes gleamed with pleasure.

"I am glad to hear it," he exclaimed. "I have tried to make Sydney pleasant to you, Miss Pelham, and should have done much more to entertain you, only that affairs of state necessarily claim my first attention. Your happiness has been from the first my chief consideration. You must have seen, Miss Pelham," and he plunged at once into the object of his present interview, "that I love you. Nay, I beg you to hear me out. I have never spoken to you of love because the time had not arrived for me to do so with any prospect of success. I have worshipped you from afar, as the ancients worshipped the stars. I have sympathised in your sorrows, and have borne your afflictions. When you were heiress of Pelham Wold, with a favoured suitor, and I was only an M.P., with an allowance from my poor uncle added to my small income, I loved you—but with a mad and hopeless passion. When trouble came upon you I would have given my heart's blood to spare you one single pang. When you accepted my invitation to come out to Australia, I felt for the first time a thrill of hope."

"Lord Strathmere!"

"I beseech you, hear me out. I am entitled to my say, Miss Pelham; you cannot refuse to hear me. I came to you with your father's approbation. He is willing to accept me as his son-in-law. I have told you how I love you. After our misfortunes at sea, I grew to admire you for your patience and sweetness, your long-suffering and the womanly delicacy which never, even in our most desperate moments, abandoned you. You are a queen among women, Gerda, and I adore you. I offer you my heart and hand, and beg you to become my wife."

Notwithstanding his real passion and earnestness, there was a tinge of self-importance in the manner of the governor-general that was not likely to advance his cause with a spirited girl.

She was of excellent family, a great heiress, young and wonderfully beautiful, but he could not forget that he was Baron Strathmere, Governor-General of New South Wales, a peer of the English realm, and one of the richest noblemen in Great Britain.

He could marry a titled heiress if he would, and Miss Pelham was only a banker's daughter. When he reflected upon the difference of rank between them, he lost all fears of rejection at her hands.

"I am very sorry," said Gerda, falteringly, the colour deepening in her young face; "but you know, Lord Strathmere, what my answer must be—I am betrothed."

"To whom?" he asked, with agitation. "There is no one whom you have met in society here that is worthy of you."

"I am betrothed to Ralph Chandos!" interposed Miss Pelham, with dignity.

"But he is a convict! Betrothed to him? Why, Miss Gerda, such a betrothal is out of the question. The tie that bound you to him was cut by his sentence to transportation for life!"

"Not so. Not even death itself can sever me from Ralph Chandos!" cried the girl, her dark eyes glowing. "He has been unfortunate, but he was not guilty. I belong to him; I can never belong to another. So I cannot be your wife!"

"But, Gerda, this is madness!" cried the governor. "Ralph Chandos had a fair trial by jury, and received the sentence he merited. No, not that, for he should have been hanged. Do you think that I have no natural feeling? That I do not feel my family disgraced? That I would not have saved Ralph at any expense to myself? He is guilty. You are blinded by the glamour of your romantic love. He is a murderer."

"Do not say that to me," interrupted Miss Pelham, her passionate voice quivering. "I know that he is incapable of crime. He never murdered his uncle—never. I should as soon suspect you of that murder as him!"

Lord Strathmere's countenance changed. There was a shrinking in his eyes, a something in his looks which Miss Pelham could not analyse, but which assured her that her words had struck home.

"You speak strangely," he said, hoarsely, trying to appear at ease.

"I feel strongly. I regard myself as Ralph Chandos's future wife, and any word against him falls like a blow upon my heart."

"But, Gerda, you must know that you can never marry Chandos. He is a convict for life. You are as far asunder as if he were dead!"

"Not so," replied Miss Pelham. "While there is life, there is hope. I shall never cease to pray for Ralph Chandos's deliverance; I shall never cease to hope for it. I shall wait for him while he lives, be it one year or forty. So long as life remains to him, I will not despair."

She did not see the wicked look that came into Lord Strathmere's eyes, or the evil smile that for one instant writhed about his mouth.

"His innocence must come to light!" she declared, after a brief silence. "Justice will not always sleep. Heaven has not forgotten Ralph Chandos!"

"Am I rejected?" said the baron, slowly.

"I cannot marry you, Lord Strathmere. My whole heart is given to Ralph—"

"But I would be content with your esteem," he cried, eagerly, "trusting to win your love in time. This infatuation of yours for Ralph is a sort of madness. You can never marry him. Let me console you for his loss, dear Gerda!"

"It is impossible, Lord Strathmere. I am sensible of the honour you would confer upon me, but I must decline it."

The baron was loth to take her decision as final.

He urged his cause with the ardour of a younger man.

He pictured the lofty position which would be hers as Lady Strathmere, mistress of Government House.

But all in vain.

The girl was not to be swerved from her fidelity to Ralph Chandos.

To end the scene, which had grown painful, Miss Pelham descended from Lady Macquarie's Chair, and moved slowly along the path leading to Government House. The governor kept at her side.

Her father was upon his side, and he should appeal to Mr. Pelham to use his influence in his behalf.

"Beside," he thought, "she said that she should cling to Ralph while he lived. I'll take precious good care that he doesn't live long. I can wait. I am sure to win in the end, my dear young lady, very sure!" and again his lips writhed into a curious smile.

They walked slowly onward together, and for some moments in silence.

They were quite near the palace, when they beheld a man descend the steps and walk leisurely in their direction, with the evident design of accosting the governor.

"Some petitioner," observed the baron, with his usual bland smile. "A convict, I should say, by his looks. Let us turn aside, Miss Pelham, and avoid him."

But the new-comer was not so easily to be shaken off.

He continued to advance with swift strides, taking a path to intercept the governor.

He was a large, shambling sort of man, with an ungraceful gait and carriage.

He was shabbily dressed in broadcloth that had grown threadbare.

His face, of which the features were tolerable, was marred by an expression of recklessness.

He was evidently not a gentleman in any sense of the word, but his countenance was intelligent, and one could see at a glance that he had had a fair share of school education.

The governor was obliged to halt as the man came up.

The visage of his excellency expressed severe displeasure at the fellow's temerity.

Miss Pelham halted also, struck by the man's appearance, which was not unfamiliar to her.

"Move aside, fellow," commanded the baron, haughtily.

The "fellow" did not stir. He seemed as calm and immovable as the Cunningham obelisk which rose from the waters of the pond in the Government Gardens.

"Do you know who I am?" demanded Lord Strathmere, with rising anger. "I am the Governor-General—"

"The very man I was wishing to see," declared the stranger, familiarly. "You don't recognise me, I see, my lord. It is true that I have grown a beard on the voyage out—I only landed this morning from the 'Cardiff' down yonder—and that may disguise me. What, you don't know me yet? I don't remind you of old Sussex and Strathmere Park, and—"

Lord Strathmere fairly reeled. His face grew white as death, as Miss Pelham observed with alarm.

"Ah, I see you do know me," said the stranger, easily. "No need to introduce myself. I have called to pay my respects, my lord. Shall we go up to the House?"

The look which had seemed to Miss Pelham familiar now brought recognition.

"I know you, too," she exclaimed, turning pale also. "You are Thomas Crowl!"

(To be Continued.)

## ALL IS VANITY.

What are riches? But a bauble.  
What is fame? But toil and trouble.  
What is genius? 'Tis a spark  
That soon grows dark.

What is beauty? But a flower.  
What is love? An April shower.  
What is friendship? 'Tis the lily  
Just born to die.

What are honours? Empty spoil.  
What is learning? Labour, toil.  
What is youth? An unspun thread;  
And how soon shred!

What is language? Empty breath.  
What is age? Herald of death.  
What is time? One moment see  
Forerunner of eternity.

## LOVE.

Or all passions in the world, love not only is the most tyrannical, and takes the deepest hold, but is also the speediest in its transformation, and in its change of the scenery environing the heart. That love is the great sweetener of existence—the active and stirring principle—that spring which sets everything in motion—the vivid awakener, exponent and representation of all the finest, most delicate, and subtlest movements in our spiritual nature, who can deny? But it must differ in all minds; the tasteful can love but with taste; the delicate with delicacy; the fervent and eager with high impellant strength, and burning completeness and abandonment.

There is love which once aroused—called to the surface from its tender fountain, and boiling up out of its placid depths, becomes like the

torrent sweeping on in impetuosity, rising up against and surmounting with fury all the petty obstacles and small interruptions which the envy or the cautious policy, the coldness or worldliness of man seek to interpose to it. Love is such a giant power that it seems to gather strength from obstruction and at every difficulty rises to higher might. It is all dominant—all conquering; a grand leveller which can bring down to its own universal line of equalisation the proudest heights, and remove the stubbornest impediments. There is no hope of resisting it, for it outwatches watch—submerges everything, acquiring strength as it proceeds; nay, growing out of itself.

Love is the light, the majesty of life; that principle to which, after all our struggling, and writhing, and twisting, all things must be resolved. Take it away, and what becomes of the world! It is a barren wilderness. A world of monuments, each standing upright and crumbling; an army of grey stones, with a chaplet, without a leaf to take off with its glimpse of green their flat insipidity and offensive uniformity, upon a shrubless plain. Things base and foul, creeping and obscene, withered and bloodless and brainless, could alone spring from such a marble-hearted soil. Its vegetation must be flint; its grass but fields of spicules, like white coral, shivering to the foot.

## CONVICTED.

### CHAPTER XLIX.

WITH trembling limbs and a heart that pulsed like a mighty engine, filling her whole being, Alex crept back up the stairs to the huge family pew, and dropped silently upon its cushions.

She had time to grow calm before any sound again broke the stillness.

Her heart had become quiet; her cheeks burned less hotly, and she was able to marshal her thoughts into active work.

She comprehended the cause of Renaud's visit to the vault at this particular time.

His master must have informed him of his intended departure, possibly on the morrow. The ruins were being cleaned; later they would be occupied by visitors.

He might not have so good an opportunity to visit the crypt in the limited period of his remaining stay at the castle.

She knew, from what she had seen and overheard, that he was extravagant in his tastes and habits, fond of luxury, given to pleasures and to the spending of money.

He must have been in the habit of selling these diamonds in an underhand way to replenish his purse.

If he were now going up to London, he must mean to sell the jewel he had now upon his person.

The remainder of his ill-gotten booty he would leave in the crypt, in its secure hiding-place, until he should require it, or could remove it all in safety.

She thought this all out clearly to her satisfaction, and then meditated upon her future course.

Her blood bounded in her veins as she realised how much her discovery was worth to her father.

It meant for him safety, reinstatement in his rightful position, honours, rank, wealth. Might it not mean reunion with the wife who had been divorced from him, and whom she believed to be betrothed to the present Marquis of Mountheron?

What was she to do? She ought, first of all, to see her father, and then acquaint him with the glad news of her discovery.

She could not inform the police of Renaud's supposed guilt; she was bound to silence until her father should release her from her promise of absolute secrecy.

And then came doubts if, after all, Renaud's guilt might be construed as proof positive of her father's innocence.



Might not people believe them accomplices? Might not Renaud account for the possession of the jewels in some plausible manner? Was their possession absolute proof that he had killed his former master, whom he had hated, or was it simply proof presumptive?

"My work is not done yet," she thought, with a sigh. "I have made a grand beginning; I must follow it up. I have fairly entered upon my great task, but more hard work is before me. I will stay behind Lady Vivian in Cornwall. I will examine the late marquis's room, and some new light may be thrown upon this matter. At any rate, I have made Renaud's guilt clear to myself; I shall not rest until it is clear to all the world."

A faint sound came from the stairs under the pulpit. Renaud had locked the crypt and was returning. The girl's terror of him quickened at sound of his step.

What if he were to find her? He would surely kill her. With a swift impulse, she stooped and crept under the broad seat, its valance falling over her.

That impulse saved her.

Renaud came along the aisle, cat-like and silent. The door of the pew had fallen ajar; he opened it carelessly and looked in.

It was too dark for him to see that the cushions were stained with wet from Alex's cloak, or that there were tiny footprints in the dust of the floor.

He saw that no one was seated on the cushions, and never thought to look beneath the seat, where a white face and wild eyes were hidden away, and where a slender, trembling figure crouched in a deadly terror.

Whistling softly to himself, he passed on. At the door of the chapel he halted again for some little time, and Alex dared not stir. Finally the door was closed softly, and he departed.

The girl did not emerge from her concealment until quite sure that he would not return.

Then she crept out, brushed the dust from her wet garments, and stole into the aisle. She did not breathe freely until she had reached the outer ruins, and she did not linger here. Carefully avoiding observation, she returned to the colonnade, and walked to and fro in feverish excitement.

It was nearly an hour after that, when she slowly and wearily ascended the stairs to her room.

At the upper landing she encountered Pierre Renaud, sleek as ever, and calm and inscrutable of visage.

She drew aside with involuntary repulsion, and he noticed that her eyes were downcast and her cheeks white as snow.

He regarded her suspiciously.

"Where have you been in the rain, mademoiselle?" he asked, brusquely.

"I have been walking upon the colonnade," answered Alex, quietly.

She would have passed on, but he barred the way.

"Shall you stay at the castle?" he demanded, "or shall you go to London with the Lady Vivian?"

Alex looked up now, and there was an imperious flash in the sapphire eyes, a haughtiness upon the low, broad brow, a curl of the pale, proud mouth that impressed him singularly, and inspired him with a sudden misgiving and a relentless hatred.

"It can make no difference to Lord Mountheron's valet whether I go or stay," she said, icily. "Stand aside."

An imperious wave of the little hand gave emphasis to the command.

Involuntarily, Renaud stepped aside. Alex passed on, entering her own chamber. Renaud stared at the door, when she had closed it.

"She knows that I am her enemy," he said to himself. "She knows that I meant to destroy her that day when the 'Heron' capsized. She knows too much. I'd give a great deal to know just how much her spying has amounted to. I begin to think that, though she is only a girl, she's dangerous. I'll make a third effort to de-

stroy her—and I won't make a third failure. You're sharp, my little lady, but you're no match for Pierre Renaud!"

The Lady Vivian and the marquis rejoined their friends in the great banquet-hall of the ruined portion of the castle.

Lights and fires made the scene brilliant. The beautiful dresses of the ladies, the glow and perfume of flowers, the gaiety and laughter, contrasted with the grim walls, the sombre carvings, the time-worn aspect of the vaulted chamber.

Outside the wind raged. The rain beat against the windows in hard, relentless fashion, and the surging of the sea sounded like the roar of wild beasts in fury.

The Lady Vivian was in excellent spirits, and became the life of the party.

She seemed to forget that the Mountheron Tragedy, that had desolated her life, had taken place within these grey old walls; she seemed to forget that the place had been to her full of terrors and haunting memories.

A new light burned gloriously in her dusky eyes; a faint carmine irradiated the pale olive of her cheeks; her lips glowed like the scarlet of the geranium blooms decorating her dress.

She seemed singularly bright, hopeful, and happy.

Lord Mountheron attributed the change in her to a growing love for himself.

She had but coquetted with him in talking of "conditions" to their union, he thought. She meant to show her power over him, but she meant also to marry him.

She must be lonely, notwithstanding her great popularity and the fact that she was a leader of society, a favourite at court, and the most admired woman in England.

She looked young; she was endowed with a splendid beauty; she was intellectual, and had resources within herself against ennui, but she was nevertheless a woman, and women have hearts, and long for sympathy and love, and he said to himself that he should surely win her.

"Patience! That is all I need," he mused. "She has coquetted with me like a girl. She will yield presently to my suit. The daughter of one duke, the sister of another, herself made up of pride and ice, she cannot despise the position I offer her, or the grand old title she once hoped to bear. She must mean to marry me. She loves me, or she would not have come here to-night."

Others were of similar opinion. The engagement of Lady Vivian to Lord Mountheron became an accepted fact with the lookers-on. Even Alex, with a sinking heart, believed that her mother had given a decided promise to the marquis that evening.

Lord Kingscourt paid particular attention to Alex, not appearing to notice the coldness of several of the ladies toward her.

His gentle, chivalrous bearing was like balm to the girl's pride.

The evening passed quickly. The Clyffe-bourne carriage had been ordered for eleven o'clock.

Mrs. Ingestre and Lord Mountheron entertained their guests to remain all night at the castle, but the Lady Vivian declined resolutely, and at eleven o'clock the carriage rolled into the porte-cochère.

The party had by this time returned to the castle proper. The marquis had had a bowl of steaming spiced wine prepared as a parting cup, to fortify his guests against the insidious chill and dampness, and this was partaken of.

Lady Vivian exchanged a private and affectionate adieu with Alex, and after a more formal leave-taking with her host and hostess, followed her guests into the carriage.

The vehicle rolled rapidly down the drive.

"What an awful night," complained Lady Markham, shivering under her rugs and shawls. "We shall be upset. The wind will blow the carriage over. Did you ever hear such a wind? Oh, Lady Vivian, I wish we had remained at the castle."

"Why did you not do so?"

"We could not, because you refused," said the baronet's widow. "Why did you not accept the marquis's invitation?"

"Because," said Lady Vivian, "I shall never sleep under the castle roof until I go there as mistress."

There was a lustre in her eyes, a glow upon her face plainly visible in the light of the carriage lamps, that impressed Lady Markham and delighted her.

"You think it probable that you may be Marchioness of Mountheron, Lady Vivian?" she asked.

The glow and light faded out of Lady Vivian's face, as she answered slowly: "I hope it."

"You can be, if you wish. Anyone can see that the marquis adores you. It's a settled thing at last, I see, and I am rejoiced for your sake, Vivian. You will be happier married. But how you have coquetted with Lord Mountheron! You have certainly proved his devotion."

Lady Vivian did not reply.

Her chaperone privately resolved to repeat the conversation to the marquis at the earliest opportunity.

Secure of his favour, she might count upon having a home at Mount Heron throughout the term of her natural life.

The opportunity she longed for came with the morrow.

The two gentlemen at Mount Heron drove over to inquire after the ladies, and the Earl of Kingscourt to say farewell.

Lady Markham communicated to the marquis the expression of Lady Vivian, and he was greatly elated.

"Of course you will be married soon," said the baronet's widow. "I congratulate you, Lord Mountheron, with all my heart, although your gain will be my loss. I have been with dear Lady Vivian so long, and when she marries I lose not only her sweet friendship, but my home."

"Use your influence in my behalf, my dear Lady Markham," said the marquis, softly. "If Lady Vivian does me the honour to marry me, I should not dream of separating her from you. I should expect you to share our home at Mount Heron and our seasons in London; to be an honoured guest of ours as long as you live."

Lady Markham's complete adherence to the marquis's suit was won.

She had been hitherto his passive friend, now she would work actively for his interests. He read the fact with a gratified smile.

That afternoon the young Earl of Kingscourt found opportunity for a brief private interview with Alex upon the colonnade at Mount Heron.

It was raining, drearily, ceaselessly. The wind and sea were still.

He told her that he had not yet received an answer to his letter from her father, but that as soon as he did so he should hasten to her.

"At any rate, and in any case, I shall see you in town," he said. "I shall pay but a brief visit to my home and to my friends."

Their parting was that of lovers, and occurred upon the colonnade, although they met later in the drawing-room, where Lord Kingscourt took leave of her and of Mrs. Ingestre in more formal fashion.

The week that followed was one of constant rain.

Lady Vivian walked every evening in the Clyffe-bourne grounds, but saw nothing more of the pretended pedlar whose appearance had so greatly excited her.

More than half convinced that she had been the victim of a delusion, and in a state of great mental depression, she departed for London, having obtained Miss Strange's promise to follow her a couple of days later.

Lord Mountheron, attended by his valet, followed Lady Vivian to town by the next train.

Alex was thus left at the castle with Mrs. Ingestre.

The time had come to carry out her plans

of visiting the chamber in which the murdered Marquis of Mountheron had met his doom.

She had not known how to bring about this visit, the room having been closed for eighteen years; but the matter was arranged very naturally.

The weather did not admit of walking or driving, imprisoning them completely.

Mrs. Ingestre had grown fond of her young guest, and, fearing that Alex was not quite content at the lonely castle, entertained her with various legends, and told her the story of the great Mountheron tragedy.

An expression of Alex's wish to visit the fatal chamber very naturally followed.

The request dismayed Mrs. Ingestre, who pronounced its gratification quite out of the question.

As the good lady became more familiar with the idea, however, after a consultation with the butler and the housekeeper, she declared her readiness to head the invasion.

"It is fortunate for us that the marquis is not at home," said Mrs. Ingestre. "He would never allow the room to be opened. He really seems superstitious about it. Perhaps he believes the idle tales of the servants, and thinks it haunted. The key is in the butler's possession, I think. No—it hangs in a cabinet in the library. Ruffet will find it."

The butler searched for the key, and having possessed himself of it, ascended to the long-closed chamber, the housekeeper following him.

When Alex and Mrs. Ingestre came up, the shutters were opened, and a fire was burning on the hearth.

In spite of these precautions, the air was close and unpleasant.

Alex surveyed the apartment curiously. It was lofty and spacious. The decoration of walls and ceiling had been artistic and beautiful.

The furniture had been luxurious, but the thick dust of years lay on the carpets, chairs and tables.

A dressing-room and bath adjoined, but this had been the bed-chamber, and the high, ornamented bed, hung with drapery of silk and lace, still stood upon its raised dais, and motes fluttered from the hangings at the first touch of the intruders.

If Alex had hoped to find any clue to the actual murderer of her uncle, she soon relinquished the hope.

After the body of Lord Mountheron had been found by the servants, many people had visited the room.

The officers of the law had searched it thoroughly.

What could remain for Alex to discover eighteen years afterward?

She realised the hopelessness of her quest, yet searched the bed, the corners of the room, every nook and crevice with unremitting activity.

Her companions looked at her in surprise.

"The room has been closed so long," said Alex, her face reddening, "that I thought it possible to discover something that might throw light upon the terrible mystery."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Ingestre, "there was no mystery about the murder. The murderer was discovered, and tried for the crime."

"But suppose Lord Stratford Heron had been innocent?" suggested Alex. "Such a thing is possible."

Mrs. Ingestre shook her head sorrowfully.

"If Cornish people could think that," said the butler, "they'd be happy, for never was a lord of this old house better loved than was Lord Stratford Heron, the gayest, noblest young gentleman that ever lived. He never meant to commit that murder, but he did it in an impulse like. We were all sorry for him, more than we were angered."

"That bed was torn to pieces and examined by the officers, Miss Strange," said the housekeeper, as Alex, obeying an impulse she could not resist, began to explore the great piece of furniture. "Those carvings are ancient. The bedstead came from France a hundred years

ago. You can see that it is inlaid with metals, and the carvings are in bold relief."

Alex walked around the ponderous article of furniture, and then examined the carvings closely.

Suddenly, a low, thrilling cry escaped her lips.

In a deep crevice of the carving, at the side her eyes had caught the gleam of gold.

The cry had been involuntary, and before she had even a conception of the nature of her discovery.

Her companions hurried to her, and Alex pointed out to them the cause of her excitement.

"It's some scrap of inlaying," said Mrs. Ingestre.

Alex drew a hair-pin from her hair, bent it straight, turned up a hook at the end, and plunged it into the crevice.

She drew forth to the light a bit of golden chain, not two inches in length, and of peculiar workmanship.

Her excitement was shared by her companions.

The chain was passed from hand to hand.

"It is a relic of the murder!" cried Alex. "Heaven has sent me to find it!"

"It's certainly a relic of the murder!" exclaimed the butler. "It belonged either to my lord or to his murderer."

"To poor Lord Stratford!" declared the housekeeper.

No one had ever seen a chain resembling this fragment, but its costly material, its weight, and elaborate character, showed that its possessor had been no servant at the castle.

"I found it!" cried Alex, her eyes aglow. "And may it lead to the conviction of the murderer of poor Lord Mountheron!"

Her companions wondered at her strange looks and manner, and at her persistence in her belief that the murderer of Lord Mountheron had not been discovered.

"You all bear witness that I found this chain here!" exclaimed Alex, triumphantly.

"That we will, miss," said the butler.

"I want you all to examine it that you may be able to swear to its identity," said Alex.

"What do you intend to do with it, Miss Strange?" asked Mrs. Ingestre.

"I will seal it up in your presence. I will take it to Mount Heron village immediately, and deposit it in the care of the leading magistrate, after removing a link or two of it in his presence."

Her companions wondered, but no one questioned Alex.

There was that in her manner that compelled their respect and silence.

Even Mrs. Ingestre yielded to the girl's quiet authority.

A further search resulted in no further discovery.

The room was closed again and left to solitude and gloom, and Alex went to her own chamber to prepare herself for her drive.

The carriage was ordered; Mrs. Ingestre offered to accompany her, and fifteen minutes later Alex was on her way to the village with her precious discovery clasped tightly in her hands.

(To Be Continued.)

## SCIENCE.

### IMPROVED METHOD FOR DRYING LUMBER.

It is a well known fact, laid down in all text books, that drying of air must be done by condensation. The drying of many articles may be done by evaporation and a change of the air, as by a wind, or, if in a building, by ventilation. Wells, in his theory on dew, says that there is a greater deposit on nights when there is a gentle movement of the air sufficient to bring in contact with the articles fresh air laden with moisture. These facts in the process of drying

have been utilised in part by different individuals, but no one has put them together and embodied all of the natural laws until recently, and it is claimed by the inventor of the apparatus elsewhere represented and described that it has been his special object to construct it on fixed laws and principles with the most simple and efficient mechanical contrivances, and in this we think he has succeeded in an admirable manner.

The apparatus is not complicated and can be easily applied, understood, and managed. In a spacious apartment of rectangular form, that can be tightly closed and thoroughly heated, provision is made for piling a number of boards to be dried in such a manner that a space is left between each one. This is effected by laying the boards in parallel rows, one above the other on sticks at right angles with the boards, in a similar way to that seen in all lumber yards. From the top of one of the ends of this drying room a pipe issues for the purpose of conducting air and vapour from the drying room to a fan attached to a condenser, when condensation takes place and the condensed sap and moisture fall into a receiver, but the air re-enters the drying room.

At the bottom of the drying room there are steam pipes, steam being regulated by a globe valve outside. The principal requisites are, therefore, an apartment for the material to be dried that can be tightly closed and thoroughly heated; a fan or blower to draw hot air from the drying room; force it through a condenser, and send it back again; a condenser to extract the moisture from the heated air and discharge it through a waste pipe. The operation is extremely simple, but the results are very important, as will be seen by the appended table compiled quite recently from actual practice.

The material to be dried is placed in the drying room, and the door tightly closed. The temperature is then raised to 120 degs. or more, as the case may be, and the blower set in motion. The air is sucked from the room into a condenser, which is kept cool by a stream of cold water. Here its moisture is instantly condensed and discharged through a waste pipe, and it is sent back again, wrung out, as it were, to the drying room. Its relative humidity is changed so gradually, and at the same time so quickly and effectually, that even green lumber can be dried in a few days without warping or checking—an accomplishment that has heretofore been considered well nigh impossible.

### ENGRAVING ON GLASS BY ELECTRICITY.

M. PLANTE, the inventor of secondary batteries by means of which a large quantity of electricity may be accumulated, has just discovered an excellent means of engraving on glass. Having remarked that a glass tube traversed by a platinum wire serving as electrode to a powerful voltaic current was instantaneously spread out in the form of a cone or funnel in the midst of alkaline solution contained in a voltmeter, he made a series of experiments to determine what alkaline solution required the least electric force devitrification. He therefore thought out the following process, which has given some remarkable results:

The surface of a plate of glass is covered with a concentrated solution of nitrate of potash, by simply pouring the liquid over the plate laid horizontally in a shallow saucer. Then into the liquid which covers the plate of glass is introduced a horizontal platinum wire connected at one end with the edge of the glass plate and at the other with the poles of a secondary battery of 50 or 60 elements.

The Chinese and Japanese have long practised the art of dwarfing large, growing trees, and the specimens, only a few inches in height, bear leaves, flowers and fruit in season, and form pretty little plants for decorative purposes.



## THE BEST LOVE.

"Home love is the best love." The love that you are born to is the sweetest you will ever have on earth. You, who are so anxious to escape the home net, pause a moment and remember that this is so.

It is right that the hour should come when you, in your turn, should become a wife and a mother and give the best love to others; but that will be just it. Nobody, not a lover, not a husband—will ever be so tender or so true as mother and father. Never again, after strangers have broken the beautiful bond, will there be anything so sweet as the little circle of mother, father and children, where you were cherished, protected, praised, and kept from harm. You may not know it now, but you will know it some day.

Whomsoever you marry, true and good though he may be, will, after the lover-days are over and the honeymoon has waned, give you only what you deserve of love or sympathy—and usually much less, never more. You must watch and be wary, lest you lose that love which came in through the eyes because they thought you beautiful. But those who bore you, who loved you when you were that dreadful little object, a small baby, and thought you exquisitely beautiful and wonderfully brilliant—they do not care for faces that are fairer and forms that are more graceful than yours. You are their very own, and so, better to them always than others.

To leave home should be a sad, not a glad thing.

It should not be so easy to turn away from the "old folks," and forget them, as it seems to be to many.

I have said it once, but I say it again: There is no love like the love like you are born to, no home like the first home you knew, if you have good parents, and that home is what it should be. When you leave it, you leave your best behind you.

M. K. D.

## HER CREDITOR.

SHE owed seven hundred pounds, and beyond a cheque for twenty, which she had just received from her straitened grandfather, she had not a penny.

Under the circumstances most girls of her age—for she was only nineteen—would have tried to ease their consciences by trying to throw the blame upon the person who had helped to lead them into this wanton extravagance, but Annette Guernsey was too honest to do this.

This was the history in a few words.

Annette had been brought up by her grandfather in a quiet, secluded country neighbourhood. The old gentleman was wealthy, Annette the darling of his heart, and every pains was lavished upon her education.

The grandfather's health was not good, and they travelled a great deal—often spending the winters in the south. They had been there when the crash came—Mr. Guernsey lost his money.

He was the most honourable man alive; he returned home, paid his liabilities to the last farthing, sold the beautiful country-seat where Annette had spent her childhood; established himself in a picturesque old farmhouse, which still remained to him, along with a few scores of tolerably arable acres, and had exactly four hundred pounds a year to live on.

So from fifteen to nineteen Mr. Guernsey and his granddaughter stayed quietly enough in their retreat.

An excellent musician, an admirable linguist, a highly cultivated man in every way, Mr. Guernsey had been able to complete his granddaughter's education much more thoroughly than it would have been done had destiny left it in his power to confide her to the charge of masters, finishing governesses, and similar unconscious incapables.

So far as the old gentleman knew, Annette had been happy, but in truth she had girded against her life, fed secretly on novels and poetry, grown a morbid dreamer, always waiting for some wonderful change which was to free her from the humdrum existence in which her girlhood was passing.

She had possessed one slight alleviation in the devotion of as noble a hearted young fellow as ever lived.

Arthur Beaufort's widowed mother moved into the neighbourhood when Annette was sixteen—he a youth in college at the time—and when vacation brought him home he proceeded to fall madly in love with the girl.

About the time his university course ended, reverses of fortune forbade him studying a profession—he needed money at once to aid in the support of his mother and an invalid aunt.

He put by his aspirations and ambitions, accepted a post in a great commercial house, and worked uncomplainingly on.

Each summer brought him to Fairdale for a few weeks, but Annette had long ago determined not to let herself love him.

He lacked ambition, she should be unhappy, outgrow him mentally, she must crave excitement, the pleasures of the world; romance was folly, and so on through the round of diabolical teachings of modern life and modern literature.

During the year antecedent to the period when my story begins, the change which Annette had so craved came to her. She had a very distant relative—a Mr. George Leyden—still a young man, one of those enviable creatures, as they were thought, a few years ago, a rich stockbroker.

Annette had once seen his wife—a pretty, frivolous, fascinating creature, of a type more common in our day than one could wish. She fell ill, at last, and the doctors declared, unless she had a few months of entire repose, physical and mental, she would be a confirmed nervous invalid all her days.

Mr. Leyden wrote to Mr. Guernsey, who was delighted at the idea of receiving the wife, and persuaded Anne to go to Fairdale. She remained from June to the end of October, recovered her health, enjoyed the entire change, turned the young clergyman's head, and did further as much mischief generally, during those months, as an ordinary woman would have required years to perform.

But the deepest wrong she did—unintentional, like the others—was to Annette. She fostered all the dangerous qualities of her nature into hot-house blooming, and stifled the others, at least, for the time.

Arthur Beaufort came in August. Anne exercised her power of fascination upon him, and failed; then she laughed about him; spoke slightly of his talents and appearance, confirmed Annette in her belief, that "he would only be a wretched bookkeeper all his life," and that to dream of marrying him would be madness.

Poor Arthur chose that very time to tell his love, received a definite refusal, and took his sore heart back to his duties, to try what hard work might do towards curing his ills.

Return to Scotland without Annette, Mrs. Leyden would not, and she easily persuaded Mr. Guernsey to let his granddaughter go. He had seen only the nicest side of Anne's character, and adored her, and indeed she had hosts of good qualities, if she had ever given them a chance.

The Leydens belonged to the gayest, wildest coterie in Scotland. The winter passed like a dream to Annette; she was greatly admired, had two offers of marriage, and Anne went quite crazy over her, determined that she should be the belle of the season, and make a match unequalled in brilliancy.

Annette's extravagance began in trifles—a new bonnet, a love of a mantle. Everything was procured from the grand modiste, Madame Harfleur, who was only too happy to have Mrs. Leyden's beautiful friend run up bills to any amount, having conceived the idea that she was rich.

Once launched, Annette floated on. Sometimes she woke enough to think she must be incurring debts to a considerable amount, but she knew nothing of the real cost of dress, and Anne assured her that the bills would not be large, and, indeed, she could settle them herself, and Annette should pay when she achieved her grand marriage. And Anne believed her.

But now the awakening had come. She had seen very little of Mr. Leyden. He dined at home sometimes, was present for a while at his wife's parties, occasionally went out with them to dinners or balls, was always agreeable and gay, but he led a life apart from theirs. Annette knew vaguely that people said he speculated audaciously, living in a notoriously dissipated way, but that was all.

The husband and wife were always good friends. Sometimes Anne laughed over his misconduct; sometimes she grew sentimental and said to Annette:

"Do you wonder that I flirt, dance, rush after excitement? See what my life is." But beyond this she never complained.

Towards the end of April the bubble burst. Leyden's last venture failed. The news came suddenly to the two women. If not ruined, he was completely crippled.

Before "society" really knew the worst, or at least believed it, the lower stratum of humanity, with whom the Leydens had dealings, began to tremble for their dues. Bills poured in. In the midst of the torrent, down upon Annette's head swept the accounts of her winter's expenditure.

It was Thursday evening. The two ladies went to the opera. When they returned home, Annette found Madame Harfleur's account and an almost curt note from Madame, requesting a speedy settlement. Anne was in the same case, only her bills were to an amount past the counting.

Anne went out, and endeavoured to soften the organ which Madame Harfleur, with a degree of imagination worthy a poet, styled her heart.

To keep quiet was impossible for Annette. She thought nearly the whole day must have gone in that terrible waiting, and could scarcely believe her eyes when a glance at her watch proved that Anne had been absent less than two hours. Just then some one tapped at the door; it was Mrs. Leyden's maid, with a message from her mistress, begging Miss Guernsey to come downstairs for a moment, as she was obliged to go out again.

Mrs. Leyden was a creature of impulse. A momentary pang, keen as a knife, shot through her heart as she looked at the wretched girl, and her conscience told her that she was the one in reality to blame.

She absolutely could not speak; Annette was the first who found voice.

"You have failed," she said, in a dry, hard voice.

Anne bent her head with a sob.

"Please don't cry," exclaimed Annette, almost fretfully. "Tears cannot do any good now."

"The woman is a brute—a fiend!" cried Anne. "I did everything—said everything—promised for us both. I might as well have talked to a stone."

"What does she mean to do, Anne?" Annette asked.

Before Mrs. Leyden could reply there came a knock at the door; both women tried to compose their faces.

A man entered with a card for Miss Guernsey.

Anne rose and read the name, too—Arthur Beaufort.

"Say that Miss Guernsey will see him presently," she said.

The servant went out.

"Of all days, what should bring the goose here now," she added.

"Tell me about Madame," pleaded Annette, unable to fix her mind upon any other subject.

The narrative resolved itself into these plain facts:



[“HE COMETH NOT,” SHE SAID.]

Madame Harfleur meant to have her money; she would not abate one farthing from her bills; she would have her seven hundred pounds; she had been deceived; regarded herself as a martyr; she had supposed Miss Guernsey an heiress; and now she was promised by a certain person the address of Miss Guernsey's grandfather, and the instant she obtained it she meant to appeal to that person's sense of honour, if he had any.

“It will kill me!” cried Annette. “He will pay it if he has to sell the roof over his head. But, oh! but, oh! Anne, if she writes to grand-papa I will poison myself!”

“For heaven's sake don't talk in that crazy fashion!” cried Mrs. Leyden.

Presently the door opened again, and Kirkham once more appeared.

This time he brought a card on which a few lines were scribbled.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“The servant tells me you are engaged. I cannot wait, as I have important business to transact. I leave town to-morrow morning, and I fear that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you, as I am greatly occupied, but I am always,

“Yours, very sincerely,

“ARTHUR BEAUFORT.”

“The prig!” exclaimed Anne. “Well, at least, I am glad he had the sense to take himself off. Heigho, if he only had money, there would be an easy way out of your difficulties.”

Annette, too, was glad that she had been spared seeing him.

She felt so wicked, so guilty, so degraded, that she could scarcely have borne the glance of his honest eyes.

“I must go,” Anne said. “Try and eat some luncheon. I shall just be in time to catch old George Carroll's godfather and a miser. I'll make him drink some of his precious Burgundy, and that may warm his heart.”

Kirkham appeared a third time with a note.

“Good gracious, Annette! It is from Gould Donaldson. For mercy's sake, open it, and see what he says.”

Annette opened the envelope to put an end to her companion's importunities, not because she felt the slightest curiosity in regard to the contents.

Anne saw that it was a letter of almost four pages. She forgot all about her husband's commission, and sat in breathless silence while Miss Guernsey read. Anne saw her look first surprised, then startled; then varied emotions chased each other across her countenance, in which a kind of dread became predominant.

She reached the end of the epistle, raised her eyes, and met Mrs. Leyden's eager gaze.

“He has proposed to you!” exclaimed Anne.

“Yes—I think he has very—he has had no encouragement—no—”

“Heavens!” Mrs. Leyden interrupted. “You are the luckiest girl that ever lived. You ought to go down on your knees and thank your stars. Why, he is worth twelve thousand a year, if he is worth a shilling. He could—”

“Stop! for pity's sake, stop!” Annette broke in, cowering back in her chair, and holding up

both her hands. “I cannot, Anne—I cannot! You know that I always disliked the man. You know how we have laughed about him. How—”

She broke off with a shiver.

“Nonsense!” retorted Anna. “One did not dream then that he would ever propose to you; nobody supposed him a marrying man. One views him in a different light now.”

“He is odious. His manners—his look—”

“Oh, come, come! he certainly is a rather handsome fellow in his style. As for manners—dear me, his are better than those of half the nouveaux riches who force their way into society. To be sure, he is not intellectual or cultivated; but, my dear, he is something better: rich—rich!”

“Do be still,” groaned Annette. “I feel as if a fiend were tempting me to sell my soul.”

“Did you not say you would get out of that horrid Frenchwoman's clutches?” demanded Anne. “Annette, dear Annette, you could not be so mad as to refuse! Have you forgotten Madame Harfleur?”

Annette started up with a cry. She glanced up as if looking for pen and ink, as though ready to write her answer at once.

Then the wild resolve faded from her face, and the hopeless, dreary despondency dimmed her eyes again.

“I could not exactly begin my engagement by asking him to pay debts,” she said, sinking back into her chair.

“What a baby you are!” exclaimed Anne. “As if there would be any necessity of ever telling him! Let madame discover you are going to marry him and she will be in the depths of contrition and penitence—wait as long as you please, and provide your trousseau into the bargain.”

“Do you think I could be so mean—”

“Now stop! That is rank nonsense. You are drowning. There is no time to ask who holds out the plank to save you, or who else is lost; save yourself! I did not say so before; but, Nettie, if the story of the bills got out you would be utterly disgraced. I know it is my fault; I ought to be murdered.”

“No, Anne, the fault is mine.”

“Indeed it is not. But I always meant to pay the bills. I did not dream George was in trouble. But that would not help you; all the world would blame you. Oh, Annette, Annette! think! think!”

“If I were to deceive the man he would never forgive me. I am sure he is harder than a nether millstone.”

“He could never know. The bills may lie upon your own time—come in gradually. Oh, Annette, promise me to take him! What does he say? Let me see his letter.”

But the girl had womanliness enough not to betray the man's secret. She put the letter in her pocket.

“Unless I forbid him he is coming to-night,” she said.

“And you will not? You will let him come?”

“Oh, leave me alone!” she cried. “Go away! Have you forgotten what you had to do? At least, I promised not to write until you come back? Only go.”

Anne was too wise to expostulate further for the present, and hurried off upon her errand. Annette went up to her room, and lay down on her bed, so thoroughly exhausted that she could not even think.

It was nearly dinner-time before she was disturbed, then Anne appeared, her mercurial spirits greatly risen. Old Carroll had given no pledge, but he had promised to inquire into Leyden's affairs. That meant a great deal from him.

“I have sent George word,” she continued. “He dines out. Now dress yourself, and come downstairs. Let me help you. We will not be bothered by that prying maid.”

She dressed Annette to suit her own taste. The girl objected to nothing, not even when Mrs. Leyden brought rouge and rubbed a little on her cheeks. Each knew what this all meant. But



neither spoke. Annette was to accept Donaldson—there was no release.

Not a word of serious conversation took place during dinner.

She was able, for the first time, to perceive what her conduct, the past winter, had been; now she must set the seal to her degradation by promising to marry a man whom she could never love.

At half-past eight, Gould Donaldson was shown into the salon, a handsome fellow of eight and thirty, whose natural vulgarity was poorly hidden under the externals of etiquette, which these later years had taught him, but clear-headed and shrewd.

Mrs. Leyden left the pair together, and when she came back to the room Mr. Donaldson presented her to his betrothed wife.

Anne got him away as soon as she could; put Annette to bed, almost in silence; and went off to dress for a ball.

"I must show myself," she said, "else people will believe the whole truth. The longer we can hide matters the better. Old Carroll may give way."

Two days later Annette received Madame Harfleur's bill receipted, and then came a penitential note from her to Mrs. Leyden.

"Donaldson must have found out in some way and done it," Anne said. "You must never speak of it to him; men are odd. If he ever wants you to know, he will tell you. Now own that he is not a bad style of fellow, after all."

There was no one but he who could have paid the bill, though how he learned anything about it they could not imagine. Annette tried to be grateful to him; but she felt that death would have been preferable to his obligation to her future lord and master.

Madame herself had no explanation to give when Mrs. Leyden spoke to her. She only knew the bill had been paid to her cashier. She supposed it was by some person Miss Guernsey had sent; and Anne took care to ask no questions which could rouse suspicions.

Annette was to return home at once. Donaldson wrote to Mr. Guernsey, asking for his approval.

As the old gentleman had heard nothing but glowing accounts of the suitor, of course he did not refuse a permission, which he believed involved Annette's happiness. So the engagement was duly announced, Anne Leyden triumphed, and hosts of fashionable young women hated and envied the fortunate Miss Guernsey.

Annette went home. Before she left that quiet retreat, she had told herself that, when she came back, her destiny should have opened a future as brilliant in a worldly point of view as that of any heroine ever depicted.

She had kept her word. But, lo! in the very acceptance of the fate she had yearned and thirsted for a bitterness worse than that of death smote her soul, and her head ached and rebelled, like some helpless wretch shut living into a noisome tomb.

She could not find a moment's forgetfulness even when removed from the presence of the man she had promised to marry, and when safe in the quiet of the old haunts, a quiet which had formerly been so irksome to her, to which she clung so desperately now, shuddering to note how rapidly the days sped on.

Anne Leyden wrote frequently. Her husband had received aid from Mr. Carroll, and told her his affairs were prospering, so Anne was in her wildest spirits. She constantly counselled and congratulated Annette; talked of the pleasures before them both; rang the changes in Annette's luck and her golden fortune, till the girl grew so disgusted that she used to fling the epistles aside, unread.

In June Arthur Beaufort came to Fairdale for a week. He was looking thin and pale. He only visited the Guernseys twice. How Annette lived through the congratulations which he offered her she often afterward wondered.

He went away, and his going taught her a secret, which she had many times suspected

during the past weeks, but had thrust, angrily, from her mind.

Not only had she promised to marry a man who was positively abhorrent to her—at least now, however mildly indifferent her feelings might at first have been—but she loved another, and that other was Arthur Beaufort.

She marvelled at her own blindness hitherto; but it was useless to think. Even if she were free, he loved her no longer. His manner had shewn her that.

Her utter heartlessness had cured him. Well, well, she must endure the fate she had accepted; there was no appeal!

Anne and her fellows said that no affection lasted; nothing lasted, save the good which money could give; she had avowed this for her creed, too. She must abide by her decision; she was bound, tied hand and foot; she could no more return that money than she could have paid a million!

July came, and brought Gould Donaldson to her. The very first evening of his arrival Annette read in her grandfather's face his verdict of the man. His efforts to be at ease rendered his manners more objectionable than usual; he showed vain, boastful, vulgar to the core.

Days elapsed. Luckily Annette was not doomed to much love-making. The truth was, such heart as Gould Donaldson had to give was bestowed elsewhere. He wanted a wife, a woman of good position and talent, possessing beauty and education, because such a woman could help him socially. He had found these qualities in Annette, and had, therefore, chosen her.

Gould Donaldson was a man of indomitable will. Most plans upon which he had set his heart had been crowned with success; but he had to learn that even for him there was a limit, beyond which his arrogant determination could not pass.

Before his visit ended, Mr. Guernsey received a letter from an old friend. He had heard of the engagement between Annette and Donaldson.

He wrote to the grandfather certain facts which had come to his knowledge; promised to follow up the clue, and if the stories were correct, to come armed with proofs which would cause Annette to dismiss the suitor who was so distasteful to the old gentleman.

The proofs were not difficult to obtain. Gould Donaldson had done no more than cast the veil of decency over his vices. The record of a grossly immoral life, of a disgraceful connection, whose relations his engagement had not disturbed, was the history which Mr. Chester brought.

Donaldson was absent when the visitor appeared upon the scene. He had gone up into the mountains with a party of men for a few days shooting.

Mr. Guernsey laid the facts before Annette. With death in her heart, remembering the fatal chain which bound her, she professed to doubt; tried to be haughty, and carry matters with a high hand.

Mr. Guernsey could scarcely credit his eyes or ears.

"You cannot love the man," he said; "I know you do not. I have known it all along."

"I have promised to marry him," she replied.

"Would you do it after what we have learned? Marry a gambler—a libertine—"

"About the same as other men, I daresay," she interrupted.

She was so nearly out of her senses that she scarcely knew what she said or did; but she clung to her secret still.

"Can this be you, Annette?" groaned the old man. "Has last winter made you so utterly worldly and heartless that you are lost to every womanly instinct, every pure feeling?"

"Grandfather, grandfather!" she sobbed.

"I shall argue no further," he said. "This much I can do—that man shall never enter my doors again. Until you are one and twenty you are under my control; until that control ceases, neither by word or letter shall you exchange communication with him."

Her first thought was of the reprieve. Then a mad dread, lest in anger Donaldson should reveal the truth, overwhelmed her.

"The day you do marry him," pursued the old man, "is the last time you will ever see my face. I have not many years longer to live—I—"

His assumed sternness gave way; he sat down in a chair, leaned his head upon his hands and sobbed aloud—utterly unnerved and unmanned—he whom Annette had never seen moved by any calamity.

Another instant and she was at his feet, telling her whole story, keeping nothing back. As she ended her rapidly uttered narrative, she slid forward, and would have fallen full length upon the floor, but he caught her in his arms. Half insensible as she was, she could hear him saying:

"Thank Heaven, I have found my child again! I have found my child!"

Later, when rest and sleep had somewhat restored her strength, he told her that the rise in value of a large tract of land, which he owned, would restore him to comparative affluence—the money she owed could be paid at once.

"But if he should tell—if—"

"I do not think he will," interrupted the old man, sternly.

"Oh, if he did, what does it matter?" she cried. "I deserve to be disgraced. How can you ever forgive me?"

"Dear child, do you not think what you have suffered is atonement enough?" he asked. "I saw that you were unhappy; I hoped and believed that you would trust me, before it was too late."

Donaldson had his quarters at an hotel in the village, not having chosen to submit to the restraints which a stay in Mr. Guernsey's house would have involved. When he reached the village he found Mr. Guernsey awaiting him—that gentleman desired an interview at his earliest convenience.

The next day Annette learned that Donaldson was gone. She had given her grandfather the engagement ring and the man's letters. She received her own in return.

So this dismal episode in her life had come to an end, and as she looked back on his horror, she felt as if recalling some dreadful dream. But the lesson she had learned sunk deep into her soul.

That autumn Arthur Beaufort came again, and when Annette heard of it her heart beat fast. He had once loved her; perhaps he did still; if he would speak she might yet be happy.

But though she met him often, he came only once to the house, and at their meetings, while courteous and friendly, he exhibited no show of interest. She learned that he was now able to commence the practice of his profession, which he had continued studying, all through the years which he had been compelled to devote to uncongenial pursuits.

When Annette heard finally that he had gone, gone without even a leavetaking, gone with nothing but a card dropped at the door as at the door of a mere acquaintance, she thought she would have died. She sank into a low fever, which the doctor called intermittent, and which name the neighbours exaggerated into typhoid, but which was simply the result of her having lost all interest in life. For she realised, what alas! so many women do, that there was no future for her.

Never would a husband clasp her in his arms, never would she have children to climb into her lap, never would her dying bed be watched over by sympathy and love. She must walk her dreary path alone. Her grandfather could not survive for many years, and when he was gone she would have no friends, no near relations, she would be utterly destitute.

If she could have died then and there, on her sick bed, if an all-wise Father had called her to Himself, she would have welcomed the message gladly.

"Life is over for me," she said. "Why should I recover?"

But she did recover. She came downstairs to

dinner, for the first time, at Christmas, and crept about the house, during the winter that followed, the shadow of her former self. With the returning spring, strength began to come to her.

As the trees began to leaf, as the flowers began to bloom, as the warm, soft winds from the South began to blow, the colour once more showed itself in her cheeks, and her interest in life re-awakened, at least in a degree. But it was only in a degree. At times all her old melancholy returned; often with added intensity.

"So long, so long yet," she would murmur, amid tears. "Perhaps, I shall live to be eighty; I had a grandmother who lived longer; eighty years of misery, oh!"

There was a secluded nook, by the riverside, at one end of the farm, where she often went in these days. It had been a favourite spot in the old time, when Arthur and she had been all in all to each other. Rich grasses grew there; trees fluttered the tender green of their young leaves; the stream went murmuring by; the sunshine dappled the water with alternate gold and black; the quiet and seclusion were profound.

Here she often went now. Here, in a seat that Arthur had rudely fashioned for her, she would sit, leaning against a tree, her face half hidden in her hands, the tears streaming down her cheeks. A stranger, coming upon her unaware, might have thought her another Ophelia.

Perhaps, a year before, in the first madness of her despair, she might, if she had found herself there, have imitated Ophelia. But now she was resigned, at least. She could never be happy. But she had learned to endure.

She was sitting thus, one day, in the early summer. The morning had been excessively hot, and she had put on a white dress. A black lace scarf was folded across her chest, bound round her waist, and tied behind like a sash. It was a costume she had often worn in the old, dear days, and she assumed it now, with a sad feeling that Arthur had admired it especially.

Suddenly the sound of a footstep roused her from her melancholy reverie, and looking around, she saw Arthur himself approaching. She started to her feet, her heart beating fast, the colour mounting to her very hair. There was a look of eager expectation on his face. What could it mean?

"Annette," he cried, not giving her time to speak, though she could not have spoken for worlds, "I have come to ask you to be my wife. I am, at last, in a position to do it. Success, after long struggle, has come to me. But, heavens, you are ill, you faint."

For Annette had turned deathly white, and, after grasping at the beech tree for support, would have fallen if he had not caught her in his arms.

He threw water in her face, he chafed her hands, he kissed her passionately. At last, she gave a sob and opened her eyes. For a moment she did not quite realise where she was. She only remembered a great shock, and now—was this heaven?—had she died?—and had Arthur died also?—were they reunited, where there was no more misconception, or sorrow, or tears?

But gradually the truth, the blissful truth dawned on her consciousness, and she felt Arthur pressing kisses on her lips, saying:

"I have always loved you. I wanted to speak last year, but dared not—I was too poor. Now I can offer you a home worthy of you. That is if you care. Will you come, Annette?"

They were married that same autumn, and on her wedding-day Mr. Guernsey told Annette a secret. It was Arthur who paid the debt. Arthur who had unintentionally overheard the conversation between Mrs. Leyden and Annette, while waiting in the adjoining room. He had saved and made, outside his salary, money, which he meant to use to start himself in his profession; the greater part of it went to satisfy the Frenchwoman's claim.

When Mr. Guernsey discovered—luckily before he had spoken plainly—that Gould Donald-

son was not the person who had aided his granddaughter, he of course could not rest until he had learned who her creditor really might be. Mr. Chester had taken the matter in hand, and found means to persuade Madame to show him certain notes which she had received from Arthur.

"If I could love you better this would make me," Annette said, as she wept her happy tears on her husband's breast.

He was inclined at first to resent the old gentleman's having betrayed his mystery, but when he saw what a comfort it was to Annette, to think that it was to him she had been under obligations, he was glad she had been told; and they lived to laugh over the incident which had once appeared so tragic.

A good while before this George Leyden ended his difficulties by blowing his brains out to escape detection and arrest, on the charge of having used for his own purposes money which had been confided to his charge, and of having forged certificates of stock to a large amount.

Anne went abroad to spend her season of weeds and seclusion, and Annette, not long after her marriage, learned that the unfortunate creature had put the climax to her follies by wedding Gould Donaldson.

"And a very proper arrangement," old Mr. Guernsey pronounced, when the news was told him, "but I am mistaken in the woman's character if Donaldson has not found more than his equal at last—morally or immorally speaking, as you please! Anyhow, shrewd as he is, before he has done, he will find himself in all ways Her Creditor."

F. L. B.

## FACETIÆ.

### SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

What is it the sign of when mamma reads through the pantomime advertisements at breakfast out loud, and then gently, but significantly, remarks that "the poor dear children really ought to be given a little treat before they go back to school?"

What is it the sign of when your upper housemaid presents herself to you in her best dress, a new hat, and, with a face of extra demureness, begs to be allowed to go out "for just a couple of hours to visit a sick aunt?"

What is it the sign of when you see a man eating peas with his knife?

What is it the sign of when the wife of your bosom begs you to look at her best bonnet, and to tell her "candidly and honestly" if you don't think it really too shabby for this bright weather?

What is it the sign of when theatrical managers advertise:—"Enormous success! Crowded houses! Free list suspended?"

What is it the sign of when you tell your wife at breakfast that you won't dine at home that evening, and "not to sit up for you, as you may be a little late?"

What is it the sign of when, on your return, you quarrel with the door mat, call the bat-peg mazes, and having, during the night, absorbed the contents of your water bottle, proceed to other extremities, out of the jug?

What is it the sign of when, the next morning at breakfast, you can't bear even the smell of your accustomed rasber; when you tell your wife you can't think what can be the matter with you; it must be the weather, and then ask whether there isn't an east wind about?

—Judy.

### SENTIMENT OF AN OLD CITIZEN.

TEMPLE BAR removed from Fleet Street seems like turtle eliminated from the Lord Mayor's Dinner.

—Punch.

### WORK IN THE WORKHOUSE.

CHOPPING wood has been found at the Homerton Workhouse a profitable branch of pauper labour. During the last five years and a half a very considerable profit has been raised upon

it without detriment to firewood vendors through competition with their industry outside. Breaking stones, on the contrary, has always been carried on at a loss. Query, whether the loss sustained from breaking stones in workhouses is compensated by the saving effected by skinning flints? —Punch.

### THE RIGHT PLACE AT LAST.

MANY places for Cleopatra's Needle have been suggested, but the most appropriate has, after all, been unaccountably overlooked. Seeing what a long rest it is having, the best site for the obelisk, when it gets landed, will surely be the House of Detention.

—Judy.

### CAUGHT.

"MA," said a little four-year-old, "I saw something run across the kitchen floor this morning without any legs. What do you think it was?"

The mother guessed various legless worms and finally gave it up, when the little fellow said:

"Why, ma, it was water!"

### NOT POETICAL.

THEY were walking arm-in-arm up the street, and just ahead of them was a woman in a princess dress.

The setting sun was gilding the western heavens, and throwing a beautiful crimson glow all over the earth.

He said, in a subdued tone:

"Isn't it lovely?"

"Well, I don't know," was the reply of his fair companion; "I don't think the trimming matches very well, and it doesn't fit her a bit."

He shuddered.

### RICH.

THEY are growing vegetable tallow in Australia! The local wits say the gardeners laugh and "grow fat!" —Funny Folks.

### BANTAM HENS.

THE kingdom of Bantam is governed altogether by women. The king is indeed a man, but the Council of State, the soldiers, officers of State, and king's body-guard, are women. They even feminise the two works defending the capital, for these are not called forts, but fortresses.

—Funny Folks.

### LIMBS OF THE LAW.

THE scenes at Judges' Chambers are becoming a matter of notoriety.

A firm of solicitors, writing to a daily paper, says:

"We sent a clerk to-day to Judges' Chambers to obtain a common summons for time to deliver a pleading. It was not until he had made a considerable expenditure of physical force that he succeeded in obtaining entrance, and not until he had fought twenty-five minutes with the struggling multitude that he obtained the summons."

This is a shocking state of affairs, and we have not the least doubt that before very long such advertisements as the preceding will become quite common.

—Funny Folks.

A CERTAIN beautiful woman has been described as the paradise of the eye and purgatory of the purse.

NEVER let a person hear you speak an unkind word to another. If you must blow up your wife, do it in the solitude of the home chamber. This will give you a reputation for amiability that will cause your friends to elect you president of a charitable society.

### THE DIFFERENCE.

MR. SQUIBBS: "Maria, why do you waste your time over that novel?"

MRS. SQUIBBS: "For the same reason that you waste yours at that abominable 'club' every night."

SQUIBBS (subsides, with the mental ejaculation): "There is no reason in these women, anyhow."

ONE of our citizens says there is nothing



really astonishing about the case of the Rhode Island man who is alive with two bullets in his head, for he has a daughter whose head is full of balls and parties all the time.

## QUACK!

An intelligent German thus expressed his preference for a quack doctor:  
"I couldn't call him or mine cat was dead!"

## A GREAT GUN ON THE BENCH.

At the distribution of shooting prizes to the Devil's Own, Lord Justice Cotton presided. Colonel Bulwer said that Lord Justice Cotton was an old comrade, having been an efficient in the Devil's Own for nineteen years, and having in 1867 approved himself the best shot in the battalion. "After this, ought he not to be renamed Lord Justice Gun-Cotton." —Punch.

## OUT AND IN-SECTS.

The arrangements for the Entomological Exhibition are rapidly approaching completion at the Aquarium, and for the benefit of intending exhibitors we append some of the latest regulations:

No wild butterflies will be taken; all specimens of lepidoptera must have been duly "broken" on the wheel.

Exhibitors with beetle-brows must leave them a day before the exhibition open for classification.

As to wood lice—non lice-t.

Slue worms will on no account be received until they are made fast.

In consequence of the nature of the Aquarium structure, it is not thought advisable to test the various kinds of cricket in the building; but this variety will be provided in an open-air exhibition in the summer.

Special tanks will be provided for the cock-roaches.

## HEAR! HEAR.

No less than seven men, all the flower of the Household Troops, volunteered for active service as soon as it was known that the successes of Russia called for the interposition of England. With this glorious example in the present, the recollections of Orey and Poitiers, and the knowledge that at least seven more men might be obtained upon emergency, who is base enough to say that England has lost her place in the scale of Great Powers, and is no longer able to cope unaided against all the Continental nations at once! Englishmen, it is time to be glad!

## STATISTICS.

**ENGLISH MORTALITY IN 1877.**—In the twenty large towns, the annual rate of mortality during three months ending last December averaged 22.8 per 1,000 against 25.2 and 22.4 in the corresponding periods of 1875 and 1876. The rates in the several towns last quarter ranged from 16.9 and 18.1 in Portsmouth and Leicester, to 26.6 and 27.4 in Wolverhampton and Manchester. The recent improvement in the health of Liverpool, says the "Lancet," has left Manchester in the unenviable position of the unhealthiest of our large towns, judged by its mortality statistics. Assuming the death-rate in England and Wales during those three months bore the same proportion to the rate in the twenty largest towns as usually prevails during the last three months of the year, it may be calculated that it was equal to about 20.4 per 1,000, or 1.5 below the average rate in the ten preceding corresponding quarters. The death-rate per 1,000 for the entire year may be calculated at 20.4, corresponding with the rate in its last three months. During the thirty-eight years, 1838–75, the annual death-rate in England and Wales averaged 22.0 per 1,000, and ranged from 20.5 in 1856 to 25.1 in 1840, when cholera was severely epidemic. It appears certain, therefore, that the rate of mortality in 1877 was very considerably below the average.

## THE STREET MUSICIANS.

One day, through a narrow and noisy street,  
Where naught but squalor and poverty greet

The passer-by, I chanced to stray.  
'Twas a mellow and bright October day,  
A genial autumn sun shone down  
On rich and poor in the crowded town,  
And over the house-tops a deep blue sky  
Greeted each beggar's up-turned eye,  
While the very heavens seemed to smile

His hunger and weariness to beguile.

But, hark! through that narrow and crowded street,  
Of a sudden there poured a melody sweet,

A volume of soft harmonious sound,  
Strangely contrasting with all around;  
And I paused to listen, while each sweet note

Pure as a warbling from robin's throat,  
Seemed to float on the idle air  
To attic and cellar and crazy stair,  
And carry a whisper of peace and rest  
Wherever it went, on its pathway blest.

'Twas a strolling minstrel band of four  
Who, standing before a tavern door,  
With puffed-out cheeks, and beating feet,

Were playing there in that busy street,  
Vagabonds they, no doubt; in fact  
Their garb was ragged, the trumpets cracked,  
And they looked like men who seldom knew

What 'twas to own a shilling or two.  
Yet, spite of this, as I listened there  
To the sweet soft notes of the plaintive air

That came from those minstrels, ragged and odd,

I thought "'Tis a message sent from God

Bringing reminders, pure and sweet,  
To the poor sad souls in this narrow street."

Then the little children over the way  
Looked and wondered and stopped their play,

And the officer paused in his weary walk,

And the gossiping shopmen ceased to talk.

And from tenement windows all about  
There was many a weary face peeped out

And smiled at the joy that had suddenly come  
To cheer its poverty-stricken home.

Out of the tavern, reeling, came  
Into the sunlight (oh, for shame!)

A man whose visage and mien bespoke  
A dreadful bondage to Liquor's yoke—

A soul, of honour and pride bereft,  
Yet, there were traces of manhood left,

And, as the music reached his ear,  
'He, staggering, paused—then lingered near

Abashed and doubting—then gave a start,

For the melody sweet had touched his heart;

Those strains so plaintive and soft and low

Recalled the lullaby, long ago,  
That his mother in tones so lovingly mild

Had sung to him as a little child.  
Then, over him like a torrent, came

The sense of his present sin and shame,

And the tears came pouring down his cheek.

"Oh, Heaven!" he cried, "I am frail and weak!"

And he hid his face, and murmured a prayer,

Out of the depths of his dark despair.  
(Heaven grant his penitent prayer was heard)

He turned away, and without a word,  
But with steady step, and figure bowed,

Was lost in the hurrying, passing crowd.  
G. L. C.

## GEMS.

Nothing is more dangerous, as far as your general health is concerned, than to overwork your tongue.

A wise man may be pinched by poverty; but only a fool will let himself be pinched by tight shoes.

When a man has been hard at work in an obscure way for three years, and at length achieves success, nine-tenths of his acquaintance insult him by offering to congratulate him upon his "luck."

## HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

**RAISINS FOR DESSERT.**—Stew raisins in water very slowly for two or three hours, until plump and soft. Sweeten with white sugar and add the juice of three small oranges, to one pound of raisins; stew for fifteen minutes longer and set away in a very cold place.

**SCALLOPED CLAMS.**—Chop the clams fine, season with pepper and a little salt; mix in another dish some powdered cracker moistened with a little warm milk, part of the juice of the clams, a beaten egg or two, a small spoonful of melted butter. Now stir into this the chopped clams; bake in small patty-pans; send them to table in the tin pans; or wash, wipe, and butter some of the large clam shells, fill them with the mixture, and bake.

**BREAKFAST ROLLS.**—Mix one-half ounce of sifted white sugar in two pounds of finest flour. Make a hole in the centre, and put in about two tablespoonfuls of fresh yeast, mixed with a little water. Let it stand all night. In the morning add the yolks of two eggs, a piece of butter about the size of a walnut, and sufficient warm milk to make it a proper consistency. Bake half an hour in a rather brisk oven. This makes twelve or fourteen rolls.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**MUSICAL FISH.**—Round the coast of the island of Ceylon, in the Indian Ocean, may be found musical fish. Their song—if it can be called a song—is not one sustained note like a bird's, but a multitude of tiny, soft, sweet sounds, each clear and distinct in itself, something like the vibrations of a wineglass when its rim is rubbed by a moistened finger. In the harbour of Bombay there is another species of fish producing a sound like an Eolian harp.

**THE TIME FOR CAUTION.**—In our experience of life, a truth which sounds very much like a paradox has often asserted itself—viz., that a man's worst difficulties begin when he is able to do as he likes. So long as man is struggling with obstacles, he has an excuse for failure or shortcoming; but when fortune removes them all, and gives him the power of doing as he likes best, then comes the time of trial. There is but one right, and the possibilities of wrong are infinite.

**FOOD OF THE ESQUIMAUX.**—From an Esquimaux point of view, the commercial importance of the seal and whale fisheries is very great. The flesh and blubber of these animals not only supply the Greenlanders with nutritious food, but also provide him with heat and light. The seal-skins, too, afford material for clothes, boats, and tents; and whale skin, called "matak," yields a favourite article of diet.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A LONDON READER.—For the Light Cavalry 5ft. 8in. is the minimum, with chest measurement 34in. Apply at the adjutant's office, St. George's Barracks, Trafalgar Square, W.

HENRY T.—Amongst a series of valuable shilling handbooks on art published by Winsor and Newton, 38, Rathbone Place, is one on "The Principles of Colouring in Painting," which might suit you. There are also to be had a "Treatise on Colours," by G. Field; "Harmonious Laws of Colouring," by D. E. Hay; T. H. Vandermant's "House Painter," and others which any bookseller might suggest or procure for you.

ANNA MARIA S.—The Sourdine (a check) is a bass stop of a mellow and subdued tone with a compass the same as the Cor-Anglais, from C below to E above the F Clef, and is usually employed as an accompaniment to the Flute in the Treble; the Hautbois (oboe) ranges from the lower F on the G Clef to the C above the fifth ledger line; the Bourdon (a drone) is an octave below the Sourdine; the Grand-jeu (great stop) when drawn acts upon all the stops, treble and bass, whether drawn or not (except the Forte ones), in this respect being the same as a Diapason, which means "through all."

CONSTANT JACK.—There is no official paper for dockgate-men that we are aware of.

IDALIA.—We do not undertake to define the character of a person from a photograph. The cartes sent us appear to be the representation of two fairly good-looking young ladies of amiable disposition, especially the one in a sitting position. The mode of arranging the hair in both is however in our judgment a great mistake from every point of view.

VOX.—We have never met with the song. A musician in a large way of business, such as Robinson of the Strand, would be the most likely person to give you the required information.

ANGELINA.—White kid gloves may be cleaned with a lather made of white soap and warm water. The mixture must be of such consistency that the vessel containing it can be inverted without readily losing its contents. Put your gloves on, take a soft cloth and quickly apply the lather, as quickly rubbing off with another soft clean cloth. There must be a little moisture as possible to the lather. Clean one finger at a time and do not allow the gloves to get wet.

LIZZIE ADAIR.—We do not offer remuneration for poems in any other way than by inserting them in our columns when suitable and space permits, because our requirements are fully met by selections from the numerous contributions gratuitously supplied to us. Your lines do not come up to the standard for print, being faulty in rhythm.

VIOLET D.—1. Place the accent on and pronounce the letters "her" in "heroine" exactly like the first syllable in "herring." 2. A satyr is a mythological deity usually found in the train of Bacchus, the god of wine, and is represented as a man with horns on his head, a hairy body, and the feet and tail of a goat.

A BLUE JACKET.—We have not met with the recitation on the Crimean war which you wish to procure, but as some of our readers may be able to help you in the search we subjoin the verse you have quoted—which, however, does not seem to indicate a high order of poetic merit:

"Our men they fought like heroes—  
From their colours never ran  
At Alma, Balaklava, and  
The battle of Inkerman."

S. B. N.'s last two poems will appear as soon as opportunity allows.

T. M. C.—An error has unfortunately found its way, we find, into an answer in No. 778 concerning the pronunciation of "Cyril" the "y" in which we unintentionally wrote should have the long sound of "i" instead of, as we intended, the short sound, like "sirrah."

LELIA.—Look in the Directory, Trades Department, and select those manufacturers whom you think best to apply to.

A. B.—We published the paragraph as an item of news, but at present the suggestion does not seem to have been acted upon.

LOUISE.—The story was finished in 1876.

HENRY K.—With practice your writing would we think be extremely good.

J. M. B. would like to correspond with a young lady. Respondent must be thoroughly domesticated, fond of home and children.

ADA, ALICE, and MAGGIE, three friends, would like to correspond with three young gentlemen. Ada is twenty-three, tall, dark hair and eyes, domesticated. Alice is twenty-one, medium height, brown hair, and hazel eyes. Maggie is twenty-five, fair, fond of home. They must be about twenty-six.

MOSS ROSE and BLUSH ROSE, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men between twenty-one and twenty-four, tall, good-looking, dark, and fond of home.

DIMAR, twenty-two, dark hair and eyes, fair, medium height, would like to correspond with a young man about her own age.

MYRA, MURIEL, and ROSIE, would like to correspond with three young men with a view to matrimony. Myra is twenty-two, tall, dark. Muriel is eighteen, brown hair and eyes, good-looking. Rosie is seventeen, golden hair, violet eyes, medium height. Respondents must be fond of home and children.

FIRST GIG, DINGY, and SHAH CUTTER, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies with a view to matrimony. First Gig is twenty-four, good-looking, fond of home and music. Dinky is twenty-three, fond of dancing. Shah Cutter is twenty-three, fond of children.

PERSEUSO, in the horological business, thirty-two, tall, fair, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty-five, fond of home and children, and one without relatives preferred.

EMMA, seventeen, brown hair and eyes, fond of home and music, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty, fair, fond of home.

ELIAS and JESSIE, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men with a view to matrimony. Elias is twenty-one, tall, thoroughly domesticated, grey eyes. Jessie is seventeen, medium height, brown hair, grey eyes, fond of home.

FLORA and ETHEL, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. Flora is twenty, light brown hair and eyes, fond of home and children. Ethel is nineteen, medium height, dark hair, brown eyes. Respondents must be between twenty and twenty-three, good-looking, fond of home and children.

## LOVE'S SPRING-TIME.

I WILL not ask if In the tree  
The ring-dove singeth to her mate;  
For Spring is come; such things must be,  
They will be with us soon or late.  
I will not ask if branch or vine  
Are greener as the days grow long;  
Some ears are listening, if not mine,  
To catch the first wild wood-bird's song.

And it is sweet to rest, and know  
That Winter nights must wax and wane;  
That tedious days must come and go,  
Until the birds are here again.  
Asleep, awake, where'er thou art,  
Oh! best beloved, I only see  
Eternal Summer for the heart  
Which is in turn beloved by thee.

And now I ask, that by-and-bye,  
When fields are white with clover frost,  
To gaze, sweet, in thy tender eye,  
And there to read if I have lost.  
For what are roses, white or red,  
Or clover tips, or brooks, or bees,  
When in his grave love lieth dead?  
How fruitless, then, are all of these!

And could the heart wherein I dwell,  
E'er close to me its inner door;  
Could eyes that love to look so well,  
Forbear, and never see me more?  
Oh! now remembrance sweet appears?  
And with a genii's magic power,  
Breathes on the spot where fell my tears,  
Ah, lo! there springs the lilac flower.

A. R. N.

ELITA, eighteen, tall, fair, would like to correspond with a seaman in the Royal Navy with a view to matrimony.

SPANKER BOOM and TOP MASTHEAD, two sailors in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Spanker Boom is twenty-one, dark hair, blue eyes, fond of home and music. Top Masthead is twenty-five, black curly hair, blue eyes, fond of music and dancing.

LOTTIE B., nineteen, dark hair and eyes, tall, would like to correspond with a gentleman about her own age, tall, good-looking.

D. L. and G. L., two friends, would like to correspond with two ladies. D. L. is twenty-two, tall, hazel eyes, fond of home. G. L. is twenty-four, medium height, good-looking, dark eyes.

A. W. L., twenty-two, brown hair, grey eyes, of a loving disposition, thoroughly domesticated, wishes to correspond with a young man about twenty-four, dark, and loving.

L. T. and C. N., two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. L. T. is of medium height, auburn hair, blue eyes. C. N. has light hair, dark eyes, and of medium height.

ALFRED M. and M. R., two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Arthur F. is handsome, fair, tall. Geese is fair, good-looking. Must be about twenty, medium height.

S. F. L., a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty, dark, medium height, wishes to correspond with a young lady fond of music.

LILY and KATE, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Lily is eighteen, medium height, light hair, dark blue eyes. Kate is nineteen, tall, light hair and eyes.

MARIE and MILLY, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Marie is eighteen, tall, good-looking, hazel eyes. Milly is seventeen, tall, fair, good-looking, blue eyes, fond of music, and of a loving disposition.

G. L. F., twenty-one, light hair, blue eyes, loving, tall, would like to correspond with a gentleman with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be about twenty-two, fond of home.

LOTTIE and LIZZIE, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men with a view to matrimony. Lottie is twenty-one, fair, medium height, blue eyes. Lizzie is nineteen, medium height, dark hair and eyes, fond of home.

A. F. K., nineteen, of a loving disposition, tall, dark hair, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be about twenty, brown hair, dark eyes, fond of home and children.

MAUD and ETHEL, two friends, wish to correspond with two seamen in the Royal Navy. Maud is eighteen, dark brown hair and blue eyes. Ethel is eighteen, dark hair and eyes. Respondents must be between twenty and twenty-five.

WILLIAM W., thirty-one, dark, good-looking, would like to correspond with a young lady about the same age, good-looking.

W. L. O., twenty-two, dark brown hair, hazel eyes, would like to correspond with a lady with a view to matrimony. Respondents must be of a loving disposition, fond of music.

SARAH and LAURA, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Sarah is nineteen, blue eyes, fair, medium height. Laura is eighteen, blue eyes, fair, medium height.

G. B. and W. L., two friends, wish to correspond with two ladies. G. B. is twenty-two, dark hair, blue eyes, fond of home and children, good-looking. W. L. is twenty-one, dark hair and eyes, of a loving disposition, fair.

LILY and NELLIE, two friends, would like to correspond with two gentlemen. Lily is twenty, medium height, loving, light brown hair, blue eyes, fair, fond of home. Nellie is twenty-one, fair, dark brown hair, blue eyes, tall, fond of home and children, good-looking. Respondents must be fond of home, of loving dispositions, dark, tall.

B. T., twenty-two, of a loving disposition, brown hair, wishes to correspond with a gentleman about twenty-four. She is thoroughly domesticated, and fond of home and music.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

H. W. D. is responded to by—J. W., dark hair and eyes.

LEONARD by—Dark Olive, fond of dancing.

WALTER by—Bessie, blue eyes, of a loving disposition, dark.

WILLIE by—Polly, nineteen, fond of home, domesticated.

RICHARD by—Allie, eighteen, light brown hair, fair, blue eyes.

CHARLIE by—Annie, twenty-one, dark hair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition.

LIME LIGHT by—Lizzie, eighteen, tall, fair, and fond of home.

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